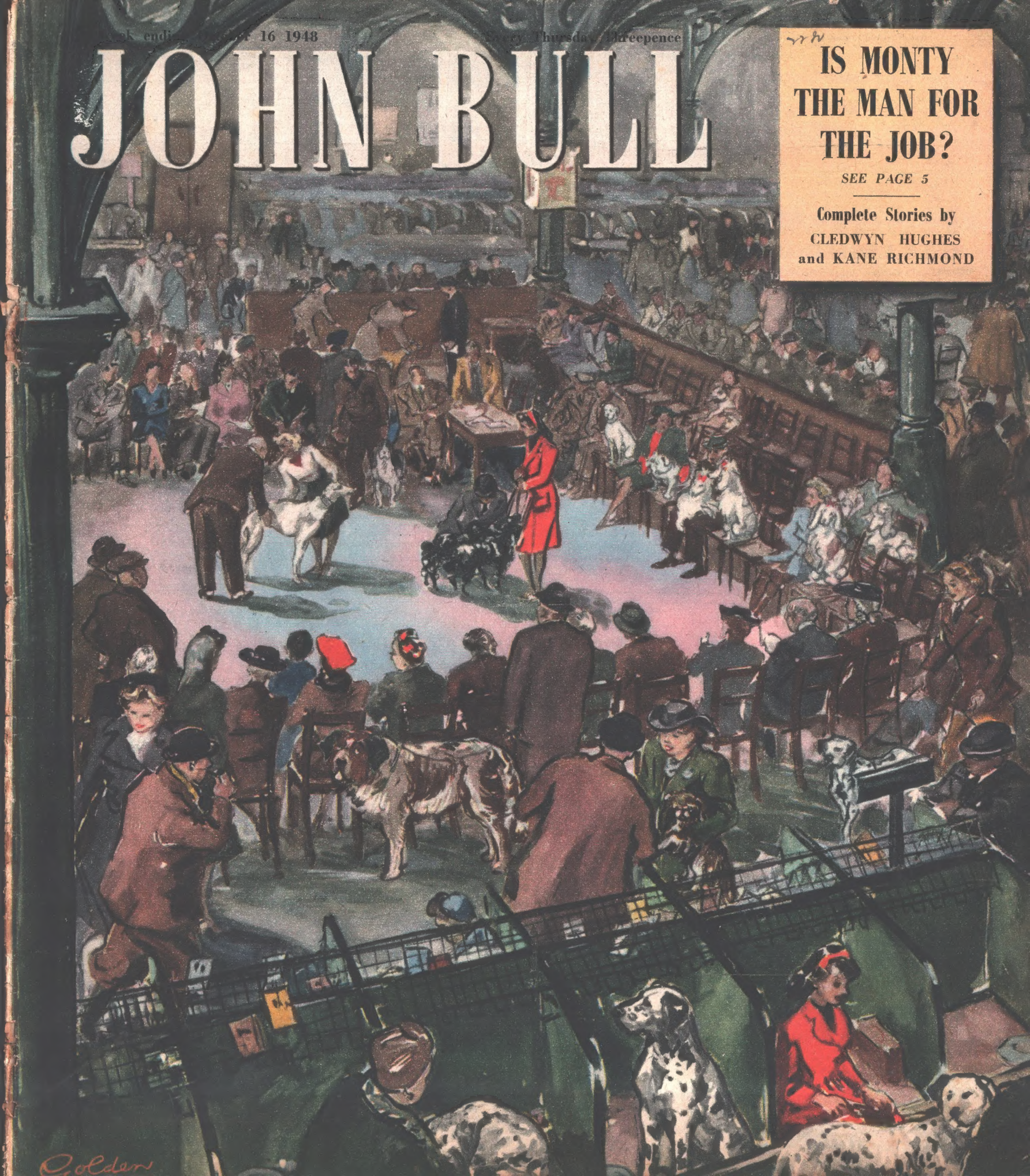
Week ending Oct 16 1948 Every Thursday Threepence

JOHN BULL

IS MONTY THE MAN FOR THE JOB?

SEE PAGE 5

Complete Stories by
CLEDWYN HUGHES
and KANE RICHMOND



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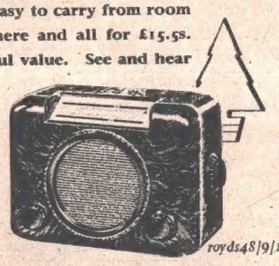

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OCTOBER 16, 1948 VOLUME 84 NUMBER 2207

A Way to Help Housewives

CLOTHES RATIONING IS still in the balance. The chances are that it will either be relaxed still more in a month or so, or that further concessions will be delayed until March, 1949, when the next coupon period begins.

Even if more items of clothing *cannot* be derationed in November, we suggest that, if humanly possible, the Government should make a much overdue gesture to the housewife by taking all household linen finally off the ration.

It has long been a bitter grievance of the women who are really the nation's unofficial shock troops in the battle against shortages that they must surrender personal clothing coupons for household linen.

And even though tablecloths, curtains and upholstery are now free, bed linen is not. Hardly a home in Britain but needs new sheets and pillow cases.

It would be worth waiting for extra clothes if these gaps in essential family equipment could be filled quickly.

So we hope earnestly that, without departing from its popularly approved policy of fair shares for all, the Government will be able to help housewives promptly in this practical way.

Don't Blame the Builders

THERE IS A BIG TEMPTATION to blame the workmen who build houses for the fact that it now costs three and a half times as much to build a house as before the war.

"Look at the 31 per cent decline in productivity in the building industry," cry the people who are always glad to talk disparagingly of the British workman. "Doesn't it show that the blighters are doing only two-thirds of the work they used to do?"

Of course it shows nothing of the kind. The building workers are neither that much lazier nor more uncooperative.

There have been many interruptions in work for which the men are not responsible. It is not always possible, when a countrywide industry is concentrating on one particular product—in this case the £1,200 house—to avoid gaps in the mass-production line.

Further, because of the recruitment of much new labour for building since the war, not all of it is fully skilled.

And, finally, the cost of labour has been increased in the most justifiable way—by making its rewards less precarious.

Once, a building worker could be sacked at a day's notice, and he lost his wage when bad weather made construction difficult.

The prewar cost of a house did not, therefore, fairly reflect the human effort which had been spent on it. The industry thrived on treating its men shabbily.

Now that the building workers have a guaranteed minimum wage, whatever the effects of weather or shortages, costs have obviously gone up. But who would have it otherwise?

If costs are too high and must be brought down, the reduction should not be effected at the expense of workers who for years suffered precarious conditions of employment and had a poor return for their labour.

Millions From Tourists

BRITAIN'S EARNINGS from the tourist trade should be £65,000,000 a year by 1952, with a rate of increase bigger than that of any other export. This is the estimate made by Harold Wilson, President of the Board of Trade.

Of course, Mr. Wilson may be too optimistic. The fact that this year's actual receipts from foreign visitors are expected to total £35,000,000 does not prove our tourist industry is in for an automatic boom.

This year we had the Olympic Games to draw many thousands of foreigners who, in 1949, will have no specific attraction to bring them here.

Next year, without the Olympics, we shall rely solely on the beauty and historic interest of our land, plus any amenities in the way of hotels and transport that we can offer our visitors.

So 1949 will provide the real test of whether or not we can expect tourism to remain, as Wilson put it, "in the very front rank of our export industries."

Well, there is a lot that could be done to make this country more attractive as a tourist centre. We have far too many bad hotels with too high prices. We are still too stingy with petrol. And British railways could learn a lot from the Swiss about cheap, convenient travel for tourists.

We British have ourselves been a race of travellers for so long that we may have forgotten how to be the perfect hosts. We must think and work harder at the job.

Dewey Shows His Hand

AS THE AMERICAN Presidential election gets nearer, Thomas E. Dewey, the probable Republican victor, wins more respect in this country and in Western Europe.

At first, many Britons felt that if the Democrats, the men of Roosevelt's party who stood by us in the war, were to be beaten, the outlook was poor; America might become as alien and unhelpful as after the first World War.

Now we know that Dewey, like Roosevelt and Truman, is not likely to let Europe (or Britain) down. Of course, some of his recent pronouncements can perhaps be put down to electioneering. Until the dust of the Presidential campaign has settled, it will be difficult to distinguish the often rhetorical and vote-catching statements of the candidates from the true principles and aims of the next President.

But there is already evidence that Dewey, like most other intelligent Americans, is very much alive to the necessity of maintaining European economy. Russian belligerence over Berlin, so far from making America decide to get out of Europe, has doubled her determination to stay there. Moscow papers please note.

Letter to my love...

"...I expected a letter from you this morning, but there wasn't one, so I re-read the last two. Darling, I love you so utterly that every time the post is late I am convinced that you have been run over, and no one dares to tell me! Sometimes I think we are too happy. Now that I know you love me, all the duties of life become pleasures, and without your love no pleasure is imaginable...."

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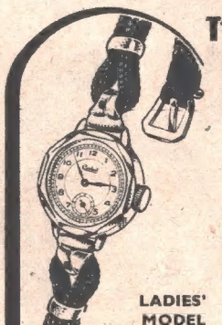

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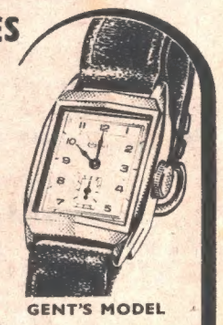

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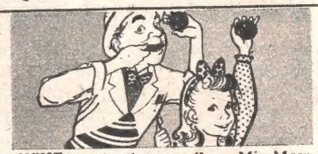
2 **ONE DAY** Master Morn the Milkman's son sees Gibbs in red, blue and green cases. "I'll get those," he says "the colours will cheer Dad up!"



3 **"WHAT** a lovely, *clean* taste," says Miss Morn the Milkman's daughter, "and we love each having a different coloured Gibbs case."

4 **SPARKLING SMILES** are good for trade. Mrs. Morn says "Gibbs solid dentifrice keeps our expenses down, it lasts long and only costs **9d.**"

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IS MONTY THE MAN FOR THE JOB?

Three years ago, the job hadn't the same urgency. Now, the situation has changed. The defence of Britain and Western Europe is a top priority. It calls for a man who can improvise, a man who can handle many varied temperaments without creating friction. Does Field Marshal Montgomery measure up?

by Claud Morris

FIELD MARSHAL MONTGOMERY, as peacetime Chief of the Imperial General Staff, was considered to be filling a "quiet" post for a great general whose main work in life was over.

Now, with his elevation to the job of being in overall charge of the Forces in Western Europe at a time of mounting tension, Montgomery again takes on responsibilities on the huge scale of his fighting rôle against Hitler's Germany.

Whereas other great wartime generals, like Eisenhower, who is a university professor, or Alexander, who is the Governor-General of Canada, have "disappeared" into non-military backwaters, Montgomery remains the only leading figure of the last war to fill a vital defence rôle.

As C.I.G.S., he was responsible mainly for the defence of this island. Now, in conjunction with the American staff planners and the European military chiefs, he has the wider task of setting up a bastion of Continental defence in the event of war.

Despite his "promotion," some critics are asking whether, in fact, he is the right man to tackle today's problems. Experience he undoubtedly has in plenty—and prestige, too. But age is against him, for he is nearly sixty-one.

Even before Montgomery was mooted as Western Europe defence chief, a colonel, speaking at a regimental dinner, mentioned his "coming retirement" from the post of C.I.G.S.—a post less onerous than that which he has now undertaken.

Those Piercing Blue Eyes

But when asked by a rather insensitive senior officer: "Well, sir, when are you going to retire?" Montgomery is said to have stared at the questioner, looking like a cross between a hawk and a fox with those piercing blue eyes of his, and snapped: "Two or three days before my funeral."

The argument against Montgomery appears logical to a military man. First, it is said, he is a first-rate commander in a tough war. Given overwhelming physical superiority against an enemy (a condition which Montgomery always demanded before he began to fight any battle), he is unbeatable.

Not for nothing do the German generals, now awaiting trial, still call him the "*mathematische machine*" or, in other words, the cunning calculator.

As one critic said to me last week, "The Montgomery caution is phenomenal." And he cracked: "If Monty were like Hannibal and had to cross the Alps, he would be the sort of man to consider levelling them first." In wartime, of course, Montgomery had the entire industrial machine of Britain geared to meet his war demands. He took over the great struggle at a time when a flood of manpower came into the Forces.

But today he is in the position of a man who must make bricks without much straw. In Britain, manpower is short, and Sir Stafford Cripps's great export drive takes first priority in the factories, while re-equipment orders for the Army are kept waiting, often at the end of the queue. In Western Europe, countries such as France have hardly begun to repair economies dislocated by the last war, let alone start the adjustments called for by a new defence programme.

Cautious in a Crisis

The critics say this is a bad, and worrying, situation for Montgomery. They quote the fact that he has never yet, in time of crisis, been willing to act without having a preponderance of men and machines.

In Italy he is said to have slowed down the Allied advance when his supply lines became lengthened, where a more venturesome general might have broken through. The American criticisms, by General Patton and others, of Montgomery's cautious behaviour in France are too well known to need re-telling here.

It is therefore reasonable to ask whether this man, brilliant when backed by every material resource, has the temperament for sudden, fast improvisation—which would certainly be the need were the Western Forces called upon at any time during the next two years.

Apart from military criticism, Montgomery's personal attitude does not always, today, endear him to his fellow officers. They say that he talks too much. He behaves, outwardly at least, like something of a military *prima donna*, suffering from a "great man" complex.

Inside the Army, his tongue has not lost its sting. He often brushes aside advice and takes over functions which, in peacetime, lie within the scope, and certainly within the authority, of his fellow commanders.

Many a red-tabbed gentleman has

"Stalin has no time for politicians, has faith only in generals," said Montgomery, after a visit to Moscow in 1947. Statement caused a stir

"Montgomery needs to adopt a fresh approach if he's to get on with the foreigners in his new job"

come walking down the marble steps of the War Office pursing lips and muttering under his breath.

With some of the politicians Montgomery is just as aggressive. He gets on well with someone like Emanuel Shinwell, the War Minister, partly because both are men very much out of the same mould. Both are extrovert and both have great individualistic qualities which do not always appear to fit too well "in a team."

But with people like, for instance, A. V. Alexander, the Minister of Defence, certainly a man from a different mould, the "Monty touch" does not always go down.

Two or three times the field marshal has had to be called to order by Attlee. Once he caused a political furore when he suggested that if only he and Stalin could sit down at a table together they could settle most of the problems causing headaches to diplomats. "Stalin has no time for politicians, he has faith only with generals," said Montgomery after a visit to Moscow in 1947. It was very flattering—for Montgomery. But certainly not diplomatic.

Boasting Is Unworthy

Some of the field marshal's "leadership" speeches, given at schools and at gatherings of businessmen, have caused concern by his "I could do it better" attitude.

When Montgomery came back from the Middle East he said that, had the Palestine problem been left to him, he could have settled it "within a fortnight." Those were brash words—to anyone who knew the elements of the situation. They were, I think, unworthy of a great general, and embarrassing to many of his colleagues.

Next, there are of course the personal criticisms of Montgomery. There have been a spate of them, many of which might be classified under the heading "sour grapes"; but many, too, which are still indicative of the difficulty of getting on, on anything like good terms, with this man.

For instance, Miss Kay Summersby, Eisenhower's wartime secretary-driver, says in a book published in New York recently that Field Marshal Montgomery gave Eisenhower "more worry than any other individual in the entire Allied command." He was always "gnawing at Eisenhower's nerves."

In New York, too, I have met Ralph Ingersoll, former editor of a newspaper there, who was one of the people attached to Eisenhower during the war.

Ingersoll, pulling no punches at all, has described Montgomery as "arrogant, bumptious, bad-mannered—and a very bad general." The last statement at least is, of course, pure spite. Montgomery may lack some social qualities, but he still remains a military genius.

Recruits' View of Him

Let us move away from Whitehall, and away from the American critics, too. How does the new conscript Army regard Montgomery?

Recently a young friend of mine, a corporal in the Cadet Force, came back from Aldershot. Montgomery had paid them a visit.

Rightly or wrongly, these young fellows, after watching Monty closely, began to sum him up as "a bit of a show-off." His two badges and his general "non-regulation" appearance caused comment among men who themselves had to dress in the regulation manner.

"I expect a general to behave as a general," said my friend, "and dress as one."

The truth, which Montgomery should now be the first to see, is that among the new conscript Army there is little of that hushed feeling of respect for the eccentricities of a great war leader.

In the desert, in wartime, soldiers could copy his behaviour. Officers turned out in "imitation Montgomery" style, with boots not particularly well polished, and their battleblouse sleeves rolled up.

All this was highly flattering to Monty—and desirable, *then*. Now, however, it is no longer desirable. The young men, who have only schoolboy memories of great battles, see nothing special about the past war. In fact, their tongue-in-the-cheek cynicism leads them to be critical of the fact that they are in an army at all.

And if cadets want proof to themselves that Monty is "out of touch," many found it through an incident at Strensall Army Camp, Yorkshire. Montgomery went to a N.A.A.F.I. counter and quizzed lads as they passed on how much they earned. Boys earning £4 10s. a week told him that they kept anything from 15s. to £1 for pocket money.

Montgomery took the opportunity of interjecting a comment. "Too much," he said. "When I was a boy I got a shilling—quite enough."

No boys of today could be expected to like that or to admire the field marshal for his relevations of youthful austerity. The lads merely commented: "We bet he never worked for a living at sixteen. In those days a sixpenny ice cream cost a halfpenny."

So much, then, for the critics. How can we account for some of their comments from the story of the man himself?

From an early age, Montgomery has always suffered personal unpopularity. At school, his nickname was "Monkey," not Monty. He grew up against a background of Ulster nonconformity.

When he finally joined the Army he attracted little attention and carried his personal prejudices about like a chip on his shoulder.

He was a non-smoker and a non-drinker. His behaviour was never the sort which was supposed to push a young man forward in those days when Army officers were either the darlings of society or nothing at all.

But Montgomery had an "aim." The Army was his supreme ambition. He was after power, and he intended to get it. And when, after the most hazardous personal adventures and against all odds, power came to Montgomery, he showed the world around him that he intended to use it.

He Sacked Officers

In Cairo, from the very first moment when he got his command during the war, he was offhand in his remarks about his predecessors, and everybody thought this to be bad form.

He sacked officers without caring too much for their feelings. As an example, one senior officer on the way to join Montgomery's staff at that time felt rather diffident when he heard about the new tartar of the desert. Then he was surprised to see Montgomery himself coming forward to meet him. Well, here's a fine general, thought the man.

But Monty shook his hand, and said abruptly: "I've been looking at your record, Colonel, and I don't think you are the man for my staff. Goodbye."

There is one apocryphal story, told later in the war, which, if we accept it, certainly points the difference in Montgomery's attitude to men from those of most leaders.

An officer stationed at Harrow Weald had to catch a bus at the top of the road at eight in the morning. Once, so the story goes, he was running up a steep hill to the bus when a staff car drew up beside him. Admiral of the Fleet Sir John Cunningham poked his head through the window. "Get in," he said. "I can't bear to watch you running uphill at this time of the morning."

Another day, and the same officer was coming up the hill, late again. A staff car drew up alongside him. It was Montgomery who, recognizing one of his own officers, poked his head through the window as the car drove alongside. "Faster! Faster!" he shouted.

That such a story should be told about Monty is significant. He is, as a leader, magnificent. As a man, he can be limited.

Could Carry on for Years

Today, at sixty-one, he is fanatically fit, and Montgomery's kind of fitness certainly goes far beyond the odd game of tennis or golf which most of his brass-hat colleagues indulge in. So far as health goes, he has a good ten years ahead of him.

But if he is to make the most of the wider opportunities now opening out before him, he might do well to adopt a new "line." Some of his well-known characteristics must be restrained if he is to get on with the foreign military chiefs in Western Europe whose efforts he will have the task of co-ordinating.

Yet, in spite of all criticisms, here is the wartime general who created a top army because he created an example of tough living. A real man likes to be toughened by a tough leader. Montgomery had a passion and a plan. He had lived his philosophy of battle out in his own life. He won battles in that way.

All this, in time of war, more than overcame lots of his unfortunate idiosyncrasies and a lot of his showmanship. Montgomery created a magnificent team spirit. Like most ex-soldiers, I would like to see him go on creating it.

And certainly, at a time when the Western forces are comparatively weak, his reputation remains a vast asset. Provided the field marshal leaves politics to the politicians, and becomes more aware of the mood of the hour, I believe that Britain and Western Europe can gain much from his fresh, inquiring mind, which is unafraid of making experiments and is, above all, not much bound up with red tape.

Peacetime Monty: he should realize that for recruits the last war is almost history—and "when *I* was a boy" doesn't go down with the youngsters

Wartime Monty: his toughness, decisiveness, created a grand team spirit, despite his faults. And a team spirit is what Western Europe needs now

WHAT FRUSTRATION DOES

It affects your blood pressure. Doctors now regard it as a disease. Luckily, there *is* a cure for it

by Harvey Graham, M.D.

Specially drawn for John Bull by Arthur Wragg

THE MINISTRY OF HEALTH'S chief medical officer, Sir Wilson Jameson, recently reported on the state of the public health for the year 1946—the first *complete* postwar year for which we have had vital statistics.

The birth rate was high and the death rate was low, and all the vital statistics remained as good as ever they were and often better than they had been.

Even the deaths from road accidents were the lowest for many years. There was a small epidemic of influenza and nothing else of any great importance.

So far, so good. Then Sir Wilson Jameson goes on to place a discerning finger on a significant point. Since 1944 the Ministry has been weighing large groups of adults every three months to see if average weights are changing at all. Weight averages that remain constant or increase slightly are a useful indication that there is not much wrong with most of the people.

From 1944 onwards, despite flying-bombs and rockets, little sleep and lots of grief, there was no noticeable change. People were putting on weight at a normal rate up to the middle-aged group. After middle age there was a slight fall—which is normal.

But in 1946 adults between the ages of twenty-five and fifty-four, whose weights should have stayed the same or increased slightly, lost on an average three-quarters of a pound.

The Ministry's officials went on from this point to examine closely 7,216 people, and, as they expected, they found no evidence of "gross deficiency disease." Nobody was starving and nobody had beri-beri or rickets.

May Become Dangerous

Sir Wilson Jameson then goes on to say, after considering all the evidence available to his department: "There is no doubt, however, that the dietary restrictions inevitably experienced by the large mass of the people produced psychological, if not physiological, reactions."

This is the first time any senior official has had the courage to mention what amounts to a psychological epidemic which, if it isn't arrested, could be as bad as any of the seven plagues. That disease is Frustration.

There are two possible reactions to a state of frustration, according to the make-up of the individual. The first is anger. Nobody likes being balked or frustrated or subjected to a minor annoyance. When a man is angry his blood pressure goes up. If he is frustrated often enough the rise in blood pressure ceases to be temporary and becomes permanent.

A north-country doctor who looks after an office staff of over 1,200 men surveyed them carefully in 1938-39. He repeated the survey in 1946-47, by which time most of the ex-Servicemen were back. Average weights looked very much the same until he split the 1946-47 figures into civilian and ex-Service groups. The ex-Servicemen's average weight was seven pounds heavier than the civilian average.

Anybody who was in the Services will recollect, ruefully, the change from Service to civilian rations, and a seven pounds difference is a fair reflection of the difference in rations.

But the most important difference between these men in 1939 and 1947 was in their blood pressure. In every age group and whether civilian or ex-Service, the average blood pressure was increased by ten per cent and in some men by as much as twenty-five per cent.

The north-country doctor has no difficulty in saying what this rise is due to. It corresponds, in his view, with "a recent increase in neuro-circulatory disorders." "Neuro-circulatory disorders" means that your nervous system has suffered enough frustrations for long enough to affect your circulation and put your blood pressure up permanently.

The second type of reaction to frustration is depression—"browned off" in the vulgar tongue. Increasing depression because of repeated frustrations will rarely drive anyone quite mad. But it often leads to one of two ill-defined conditions.

They Just Tick Over

A mild neurosis or a neurotic illness of any kind is one response to increasing depression and frustration. Most general practitioners spend a third of their time dealing with mild anxiety states and other forms of neurosis. Neurosis is responsible for much industrial absenteeism.

The other response to continuing frustration is the antithesis of anger. A man or a woman ceases to struggle against the pinpricks. He has little appetite and little interest in anything. He ticks over at half speed and half efficiency, and his mental depression is faithfully reflected by a falling blood pressure.

A friend of mine who runs a big general practice was telling me the other day that he sees as many as twenty cases a week of young men and young housewives with low blood pressure. There is very little he can do about it.

"What treatment do you prescribe?" I asked him.

He shrugged: "A month in the country with no frustrations, peace and quiet, and lots of butter and eggs—but especially no frustrations."

What are these frustrations? Look around you and count up your own score. Then ask your wife.

I asked mine and she went on for hours. There are queues when often a little intelligence would mean no queues and a more even distribution. When the queueing is over there are shopping absurdities.

How many shops sell bread in the morning and cakes in the afternoon? Which means either no bread or no cakes or two trips for the housewife. How many shops don't or just won't tell when the bananas for the children will be for sale? How many shops are not even trying to resume prewar deliveries and prewar standards of courtesy and service?

And how many of these failures on the part of shopkeepers are due to *their* frustrations and the time and staff that must be devoted to ration book marking, coupon-clipping, form-filling and the like? Any housewife can produce a list of minor frustrations as long as her arm. Any shopkeeper could match it with his frustrations, and any businessman could leave them both standing.

Labour is as short as materials, and you need permits for both. If you want a new car you will wait up to eight years for it. If you have a car you haven't enough petrol. And if you want a cigarette to soothe your nerves you will have to smoke a brand you never heard of after trying three tobacconists.

There is not a large black market in this country, but there is a large off-white market—which makes everybody feel a little guilty and a little more frustrated.

There is no real shortage of food. But the food is dull and lacks variety, and there is seldom enough fat available to cook it appetizingly. Thus, appetites are poor; and, thus, weights go down.

A Drag on Output

The Chief Medical Officer of the Ministry of Health has pointed to one result of this frustration—psychological reactions to dietary restrictions. Doctors everywhere are seeing the other results. Men with headaches and high blood pressure. Women with anxiety states and low blood pressure. Men and women with all the hundred and one manifestations of neurosis.

The effects on industry in absenteeism, lack of interest and diminished efficiency and productivity are known to every employer—at a time when maximum efficiency and increased productivity are vital to the nation.

Now nobody believes that all controls can go—or even most of them. The belt must stay tightened around the national waist for a long time yet. The thin trickle of necessities must be guided, controlled, fairly distributed.

So what do we do? Sit down and cry, go red with rage or pale with inanition?

Not a bit. There is one thing which does not have to be controlled, one thing which we can and should spend more freely than ever. That is the willingness to make our present rough road as smooth as possible for ourselves and other people.

Rudeness is no sign of efficiency. "It can't be done" is not the answer which has to be given in *every* difficult situation. The high blood pressures and the low blood pressures don't have to be allowed to go higher or lower without our doing anything about it.

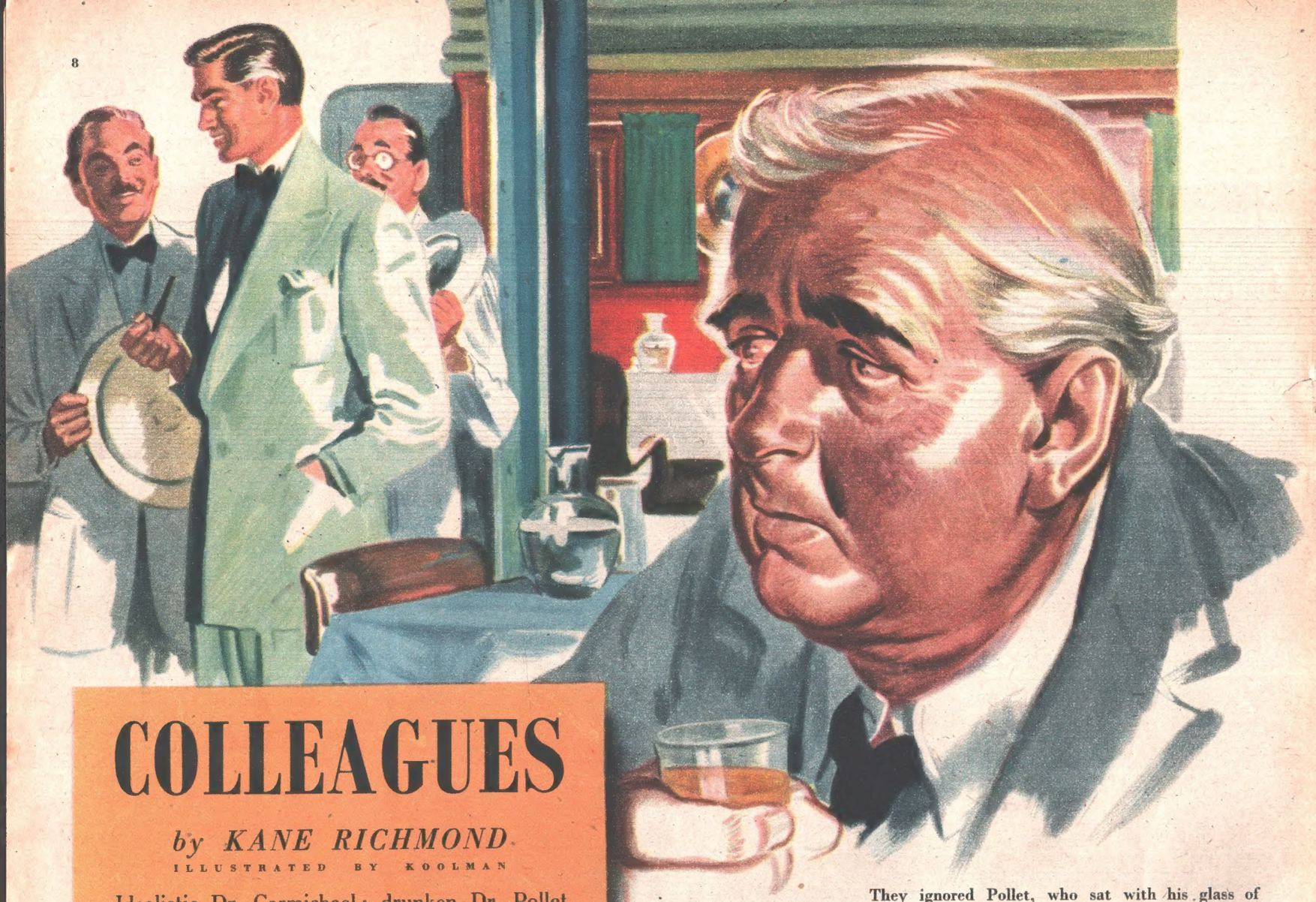
We Must Not Lose Hope

Frustration is not something which can be cured by governmental decree, nor by any one man. But it *can* be eased by a little extra good will from everybody.

Each one of us needs to cultivate an outlook based on the acceptance of whatever irksome restraints are inevitable, but inspired by the belief in better times which only our own moral strength can bring back to us.

The shopkeeper doesn't have to transmute his anger against form-filling into rudeness to the customer. The worker doesn't have to express his disgust at the paucity of his materials by doing a botched job on the materials he *has* got.

There is no reason why we shouldn't take a square look at our difficulties and decide to meet them in an adult, civilized way. "The difficult we do at once; the impossible takes only a little longer." It was a good motto in wartime. It is one we need more than ever today.



COLLEAGUES

by KANE RICHMOND

ILLUSTRATED BY KOOLMAN

Idealistic Dr. Carmichael; drunken Dr. Pollet—who would think that they were bound by the same oath? Yet, in a matter of life and death, each was to learn something from the other

They ignored Pollet, who sat with his glass of whisky and followed Carmichael with wistful eyes

IT WAS BAD LUCK on old Pollet that Dr. Carmichael should have been on that trip. Or was it, perhaps, the best thing that had happened to Pollet since some medical college let him loose on the world as a menace to ailing humanity?

It's part of a question to which one never knows the answer.

You might have run across Pollet anywhere between Suva and Sydney, lounging in one of the seedy hotels or at the counter of some plantation store, his red-rimmed eyes staring into space, his dirty collar askew, his coarse hand with the bitten nails clasped round a glass of whisky.

Was it merely age and drink that sent a rivulet of moisture coursing from time to time down the flabby cheeks? Or was he looking for something he'd lost beyond the leaning palms and the dazzling white glare of the sea?

He, too, must have been young and clean once, and touched by the ideal of the oath that binds all doctors. Ironically it bound him in professional fellowship with Colin Carmichael, a man different in every fibre.

The *Clio* was two days out from port before the men met.

Pollet had been lucky to get signed on as doctor for the six weeks' trip round the islands where the *Clio* delivered stores and collected copra and timber. The captain, an Australian, shrugged when they told him at the shipping office. After all, the cargo was what the company cared about and passengers could not expect much in the way of medical attention.

Planters and storekeepers at the score of places they visited would be glad enough to put up with rough-and-ready treatment if they had been nursing a broken ankle or a raging tooth since the last trip. Pollet's breath alone would act as an anaesthetic.

Carmichael was touring the islands to make a survey of leprosy among the natives. Only a high idealism could have prompted a man so young and brilliant to undertake a task that could bring him little fame or profit. It was stamped on his handsome face as surely as his strength of will and that touch of arrogance that often distinguishes the virtuous.

Pollet had celebrated his first night afloat in the same way that he had celebrated his last night ashore, and, though he managed to take his place at the head of one of the tables in the dining saloon, it is doubtful whether he was really conscious of his fellow passengers.

But round about six o'clock on the second evening he must have felt the need of a breath of air, for, as the *Clio* was dawdling northward inside the reef, he staggered up from his stuffy cabin.

Most of the passengers were below, getting ready for supper, and Carmichael was the only other figure on deck. He stood with his dark head thrown back watching the gulls swoop in the rigging that the sunset had touched with gold.

A mountainous cloud banked up in the sky ahead, flushed to a rosy glow and reflected an unearthly radiance on his face. The fine forehead, straight nose and firm, serene mouth seemed in the touch of that divine warmth to belong to a young god rather than a man. In the evening stillness every tiny sound of creaking timber, quivering rope and rippling water was intensely clear.

The captain, coming down from the bridge, saw the two men standing silent and apart as if in different worlds.

"I thought you medical fellows always had a lot to say to each other, comparing corpses," he roared, with heavy joviality. "Perhaps you don't know you are colleagues. This is our Dr. Pollet, Dr. Carmichael."

Turned away from the sun, the young man's face was cold. A look of unspeakable distaste crossed it as Pollet shambled forward and held out his hand with a foolish grin. He took the hand and dropped it instantly.

"You should be able to give me some interesting information about the islands," he said stiffly. "I'm hoping to make quite an extensive study of village life."

"Oh, I've never been inland," mumbled Pollet, backing away as if he felt he might taint the air round the young doctor. "Just know the trading stations on the coast. Nothing but young, healthy men there. They're signed on for a couple of years and then go back to their villages."

"And live in every kind of filth and squalor," commented Carmichael.

"It's no good thinking you can improve the natives, doctor," said the captain cheerfully. "You can't make a silk purse out of a sow's ear."

"Something in what you say," replied

Continued on page 10

FOUR THOUSAND WAGGING TAILS

. . . with an extra proud wag for the Supreme Champion. But Cruft's isn't just a social event. Blue-blooded canines earn dollars • *by John May*

JUST WHAT ATTRACTS the men and women who are exhibiting four thousand dogs worth £400,000 at Cruft's Dog Show this week? Why are owners so eager to put their animals on the show benches for the public to admire and into the ring for the judges to pronounce upon?

The actual prizes in the 900 different classes are very modest: fifty shillings for a first, thirty shillings for second, and twelve-and-six (which is also the entrance fee) for third. There are as well a thousand special awards of cups, dishes, medals, spoons and certificates.

But the much-coveted red ticket that signifies a first counts more than any of these trophies. It is the sign of having brought a dog nearer to perfection than any other exhibitor in the same class.

It is a craziness peculiarly British and one that, like so many other of our national absurdities, is paying a useful dividend.

Some of this week's winners at Cruft's will be doing the man-size job of earning money for Britain. In April the Kennel Club circulated kennels overseas with a catalogue of 500 dogs of fifty breeds. Nearly 300 have already been exported at an average profit to this country of £100 each. Half of them went to the U.S.A.

The classes at Cruft's cover every stage in a show dog's career. There are classes for dogs and for bitches as puppies, juniors, maidens, débutantes, undergraduates—with prizes all the way.

Finally comes the choice of the best dog in the whole show, the best in all breeds. Late on Friday afternoon this lucky aristocrat of a dog, the supreme champion, is due to escort his delighted master out of the show ring and into a season of congratulations and doggy fame.

Sold a Pup!

Things were different before organized dog shows began (the first recorded is 1859). Being literally "sold a pup" with a fabricated pedigree was then a common confidence trick.

High-handed old Charles Cruft, a jeweller's son born in 1852, helped considerably to change things for the better. Working in James Spratt's dog-cake shop in High Holborn, London, he began organizing dog shows when he was twenty-four.

The first Cruft's Great International Dog Show at the Royal Agricultural Hall in 1891 was a huge success. Queen Victoria sent a collie and three pomeranians, and the Prince of Wales (Edward VII) brought four basset hounds. The show went on year after year. And when Cruft died in 1938, after seventy years devoted to dogs and shows, his name was a talisman for dog breeders.

Today "Cruft's" is organized by the Kennel Club, the autocratic controlling body spoken of with awe and affection throughout the dog world. It controls 2,000 dog shows in Britain every year. Twenty of these are large affairs, with Cruft's the most important of all.

A dog that aspires to showing and perhaps winning must first be registered. Every year the Kennel Club accepts 120,000 names. As the average life of a dog is eight years, there is something like 1,000,000 pedigree dogs on its lists.

The most popular breed of all, here and in almost every part of the world, is the cocker spaniel. Twenty-seven thousand are registered at the Kennel Club every year. Alsatians come next with 11,000 and fox terriers third with 8,000.

A black, white and tan cocker bitch, "Exquisite Model of Ware," owned by Herbert Summers Lloyd, won a world record of fifty-three challenge certificates. She was judged Supreme Champion of Cruft's both in 1938 and 1939. Many regard her as the best cocker spaniel of all time.

Ancestry is Important

The Lloyd family has bred cockers for nearly a hundred years. Today Herbert Lloyd, whose kennels are near Uxbridge, Middlesex, knows more about breeding and training dogs than anyone in Britain.

Breeding a champion is not a matter of chance nor of money, but of skill, patience and good fortune. The good and bad points of the dog and bitch to be mated and those of their forbears have to be studied carefully, sometimes five generations back.

"Certain families never cross well with others," Lloyd told me, "and it's important that the blood of the dog should 'nick in' with the strains in the bitch."

The best age for breeding is between two and four years old. The pups begin teething after three weeks and are then given a large bone to gnaw or some dog-meat nailed to a board on which to try their teeth. Weaning begins ten days or a fortnight later with a hint from Nature when the bitch vomits some partly digested food for them.

The candidate for the show-bench "goes to school" at nine months. After wearing a collar for a week he is introduced to the lead and has to learn to walk to heel at command. "This," says Lloyd, "is where firmness must be displayed. Firmness with kindness. Insist upon obedience and never give an order without seeing that it is obeyed. And, of course, always make a fuss of a dog when it has done well."

Preparing a cocker spaniel's coat for exhibition begins several weeks before the event with a bath, and a thorough brushing and grooming the next day. A course of linseed oil in the food for ten days adds lustre to the coat.

The coming champion is fed generously on a meat diet and regularly exercised. Taken out on the lead he is made to stand still at intervals, posing in his most attractive position. He has to learn to allow strangers to handle him and to get used to other dogs on leads standing nearby without taking notice of them.

Little Money In It

What is the link between a champion and your dog or mine? Most show dogs are pets as well as pedigrees on legs. Many people set up kennels after the war, and today the Kennel Club acknowledges 15,000 kennel prefixes; the list grows at the rate of 300 a month.

But there is little regular money in dog breeding except for those right at the top. It's true that spectacular prices of hundreds or even thousands of pounds are sometimes offered for an outstanding dog. But every pup is not a winner—and a large family of dogs is expensive to keep and to look after.

One result of the high rate of breeding, is that the mongrel is disappearing from our streets. Half of the 2,350,000 dogs whose owners buy 7s. 6d. licences for them every January are blue-blooded. Many more are recognizable breeds, though they may have no pretensions to pedigree.

And people are going after their own "type" of dog. One dog show official told me seriously that people love the dogs that most resemble them in personality. "I can tell a terrier man, with his cheerful, aggressive manner, at a glance." Maybe he's right. He himself was a keen, handsome, sharp-witted chap, devoted to a breed called the Dobermann Pinscher—also keen, handsome and sharp-witted, a fine police dog and America's third most popular breed.

It helps to remember that the breeds arose from the uses to which the dogs were originally put. The terriers for snapping rats and rabbits and for driving out foxes that had gone to earth. Others for flushing game for the hawk and the gun, for hunting, for herding sheep, for fighting, standing guard, tracking, retrieving.

Even the lap-dog had its use—as a living hot-water bottle. At one time the lap-dog was also found useful as a flea trap.

Personally, I like a dog to do some work for its living. The news of my arrival in this world was conveyed to relatives two miles away along the busy Hertford road by a note attached to the collar of my grandfather's retriever.

Among other jobs, my own black Labrador pup is learning to help with the chores by retrieving sticks that fly about the backyard when we chop firewood.

Britain is responsible for more breeds of dog than any other country in the world. We have been dog fanciers since Neolithic times, as skeletons of a prehistoric man and his pets found in a cave in Wiltshire clearly prove.

All our usual breeds are on export work nowadays, and it's to be hoped that they find as good a home as they are leaving behind them.

The Briton has his own peculiar attitude to dogs which defies description. But this I do know: the average man would as soon sell an elderly female relative as part with his pet—even for dollars.

THIS WEEK'S COVER

Grace Golden painted her "preview" impression of Cruft's from sketches she made of the last show, held at the Royal Agricultural Hall (the present one is at Olympia). Has the artist a dog of her own? No, but she's on talking terms with a wire-haired terrier who lives next door

Herbert Lloyd, breeder of all-time champion cocker, with this year's hopes

COLLEAGUES: from page 8

the young man thoughtfully, with his eyes on Pollet. "But one can, after all, try to breed fewer sows."

Pollet flinched like a schoolboy who has received the stroke he knows he deserves.

The captain made no further effort to draw the two men together. He had done his social duty and if Carmichael liked to behave as if Pollet were more contaminating than the lepers he was seeking so eagerly, that was his own affair.

The steamer nosed its way cautiously through the islands that lay steaming in the sticky heat of the South Pacific.

"There are only two seasons here—rainy and wet," the mate explained cheerfully to a disillusioned woman passenger. As they gathered their cargo a sickeningly sweet smell of copra rose from the hold and tiny beetles crept into the cabins, joining the flies that settled on wet, lethargic flesh. On shore, dense green jungle scrambled down the hills behind the flat coconut plantations as if to push this fringe of civilization into the creaming surf.

At each tiny settlement, the citizens of importance—the district officer, the police chief, the head of a solitary weather station, would seek out Dr. Carmichael and carry him ashore for cocktails or lunch in one of the bungalows half-hidden by bougainvillea, jasmin and hibiscus. Someone intelligent and socially acceptable was a find indeed to brighten the heavy monotony of their lives.

Pollet they ignored. He would sit with his glass of whisky before him, his eyes following Carmichael with an almost wistful expression.

Sometimes a glimmer of hope would dawn in his face as the little group, so distinct from the planters and traders, paused close to his table. Then, as they turned and went towards the gangway without a backward glance, he would pick up his glass again with a wheezy sigh.

If there were no calls for his services, he would continue to sit there, accepting drinks and swopping stories with old acquaintances. By evening his thick lips would be sagging slightly, his elbows would be a bit more firmly planted on the table. But his eyes were watchful until Carmichael, as crisp and cool as he set out, swung on board again and made for his cabin.

Then a look of happy relief would spread slowly over Pollet's face like a little dog who sees his master home again. Carmichael never glanced in his direction.

THEY were on an open stretch between two groups of islands before they turned for the run home, when Carmichael suddenly turned pale at dinner and, muttering something about "taking a spot of quinine," left the table. He did not come back.

It was an oppressive evening. The little tub rolled and creaked in the swell of the open Pacific, but the sky was overcast with grey, suffocating cloud, and below deck the air was heavy with the reek of copra and oil. In the bar aft the doctor wiped his forehead with the back of his hand and took another gulp of whisky.

A steward came in, glanced round, and hurried over, then bent and murmured something in a low tone.

Pollet's flabby face turned grey.

"Carmichael!" he whispered hoarsely, and pushed away his unfinished drink. There was a struggle in his eyes as he tried to pull himself back to cold consciousness through the warm haze of alcohol.

"I'll come. I'll come now," he stammered.

The news spread round the ship in hushed whispers like the chill quivering of a thousand leaves before a storm:

THE HUMAN MACHINE

Putting Others First

IT'S seldom easy to distinguish between what must be endured and what can be changed. Certainly no one who is self-centred, conceited or arrogant can possibly have the clear vision that's required.

Truth so often has a nasty habit of conflicting with self-interest, and it needs a great deal of moral courage to face up to that fact.

I am convinced that too many of us look at life in a petty way. It's natural enough to see everything from a personal standpoint, but to do that is to miss the whole picture.

There are many things that can only be changed if we are willing to put others first and ourselves second. It is just this that calls for unselfish judgment and moral courage.

You are entitled to say that this is a counsel of perfection. I agree, but is that any reason why we shouldn't try?

by ROFFE THOMPSON

Dr. Carmichael was delirious with cerebral malaria. Only one such case in fifty ever recovered. They were two days from land, with little hope of medical help when they reached it.

Dr. Carmichael's life was in Pollet's hands, and Pollet's hands were so shaky that they could scarcely hold a thermometer.

What Pollet mixed for himself is a mystery; but when the captain sent for him an hour later, he gave his bulletin in terse, steady phrases that made the Old Man glance at him quickly. His face was still greyish, but there was a glint of something like resolution in his eyes. Miraculously he had found a stiff, white overall that would just button round his bulky waist.

"Think you can pull him through?" asked the captain. "There's no advantage in putting back; but I'll have a radio message put out to see if we can pick up the island doctor at the next stop."

"The crisis will be over before that." Pollet clenched his great hand on the table and the captain saw with a start of surprise that it had been scrubbed till it was scarlet, but spotlessly clean. "I'll not sleep until it is."

"Good man." A question hovered on the captain's lips; but he gave Pollet another piercing look and changed his mind. "It all depends on you."

Pollet's bull neck sank between his shoulders for a moment as if he prayed.

They laid felt along the corridor and cleared the cabins on either side of Carmichael. Pollet moved his things over to one of them, but no one knew when he slept. He was always with the sick man, and he did not appear for meals.

No one but the captain dared ask him for news. There was something forbidding in that set face with the agonized eyes.

Gossip ran round the ship. Pollet had taken a bath for the first time on the voyage. He had taken two baths. He was bathing twice daily. He was a terror for having everything sterilized. He had not been in the bar since the evening the steward called him to Carmichael's bedside. No drink went in with his meals.

He had in fact gone on the wagon. His great bulk seemed to shrink as the shadow of death hovered over the ship, and lurked behind the expressions of forced cheerfulness on the passengers' faces.

"Beats me how a chap can knock off like that when he's been living on the stuff for years," commented Charlie, the bar steward, to the third engineer.

"Must work on the camel system," said the engineer cynically. "Or maybe he's got some stored in the cabin."

"Not a drop. Mac moved his gear over himself and he told me."

"Well, it won't do him any good," affirmed the engineer darkly. "Too much of a shock giving it up when it's the blood in your veins."

"Funny, but I don't believe he's thinking about his own good," said Charlie drily.

"He can't do anything. The young chap's for it."

BUT when they dropped anchor two days later, Carmichael had passed the crisis. There was a schooner lying on the still blue of the bay. A launch cut an urgent white arrow through the water towards her. By good luck their radio message had caught the doctor whose practice ranged over hundreds of miles of island-dotted ocean. The captain met him as he stepped on deck.

"Well?" he asked, obviously expecting that he was too late.

"He's O.K., I think. Pollet's done a wonderful job."

"Pollet?" the doctor's eyebrows shot up incredulously. "My God!"

But his expression changed when he turned to his colleague in that darkened, disinfectant-soaked cabin.

"I congratulate you," he said quietly. "He'll have to go back to Sydney, of course; but he's only got to take it easy now and he'll be all right."

Pollet drew an arm across his eyes, turned and half-staggered to his cabin.

With the ship heading southward again, Carmichael sat up and took some food for the first time.

"He's had something to eat," exclaimed Pollet, as if announcing a miracle. It seemed that he had to tell someone, and Charlie was the most available man to tell.

"And it's about time you had something to drink, isn't it, Doc?" Charlie laughed good-naturedly. "I'm sure you've earned it."

"Perhaps just a small one." Pollet drew his glass happily towards him.

At eleven o'clock that night they put him to bed. It took two of them to drag him to his cabin, his great legs trailing helplessly, his head lolling drunkenly on his shoulders. At 2 a.m. the bell from Carmichael's cabin buzzed insistently. When a frightened steward put his head round the door the young man turned his pale face on the pillow and whispered urgently.

"Look next door. Something's wrong with Pollet. I woke and heard him fall. I'm too weak," his voice faded.

Pollet had rolled out of bed and was lying sprawled on the cabin floor, stone dead. His heart had failed.

They buried him at sea the following day. Carmichael insisted on being wrapped in rugs and wheeled on deck for the ceremony.

"But why?" expostulated the captain. "You can't do him any good."

"I wish to attend," replied Carmichael in his stiff way, "as a mark of my—respect." And the captain gave in.

As the weighted body slid over the side and met the water with a sickening crack, the third engineer turned to Charlie.

"I told you," he muttered. "It was too much of a shock. If he hadn't knocked off the drink like that when the young fellow was ill, he'd have been all right."

Carmichael, who had very sensitive hearing, gazed intently at the brilliant sea. There was something new in his face—an expression of gentleness, almost of humility.

"Now *this* lot is even more interesting!"

NO SIGNPOSTS FOR SAM HAWKINS

by DENNIS HOLMAN

Only the firefly flicker of tiny lamps lights the world of Sam Hawkins in the dank, dark, dangerous sewers of London

A London few see. Sam Hawkins (left) and a workmate in Fleet sewer

WHEN SAM HAWKINS takes a walk down Piccadilly or across Ludgate Circus, London, there is no danger of his being run over. Most likely he will be fifty feet below road surface, wading through the sewers on his daily rounds to see there is nothing obstructing them.

But if he doesn't have to abide by the Highway Code, the slogan "Mind How You Go" certainly applies in Sam's aromatic underworld.

One danger is gas. Sewermen always go below with safety lamps and a strip of paper treated with lead acetate. Inflammable gases present will cause the flame of the lamp to flare up and the red signal to glow "stop" as imperiously as any traffic light, while acidic gases will turn the acetate paper brown.

Sam has also to contend with the weather. Even on a cloudless day one man must stand by the side entrance with an eye on the horizon, for a sudden cloudburst over Hampstead could turn a trickle of sewage under Blackfriars Bridge into a cataract within a few minutes.

The danger signal is three bangs with the grid of the manhole that can be heard below for miles. Then comes the wind racing through the tunnel, as though a Tube train were ramming it headlong.

Nobody waits for that. The sewermen beat it for the nearest grid above.

On one occasion, seven builders on a scaffolding were patching the roof between arches where the River Fleet was covered up two centuries ago. They heard the signal, but didn't cotton on until a wall of rainwater hit them four square, trapping them inside the air pocket between the arches.

"They hung on for an hour and a half until the water subsided," Sam says. "Two of them nearly had it." He adjusts his sweat rag. "Those men prayed."

Man Who Disappeared

Before a sewerman is considered any good he has to know the quickest way out. There are no signposts in sewers. If a man's lamp went out and he lost his way, a sudden rain storm could flush him into the Thames. That is why they always work in twos.

Sam remembers when two of them were once splashing along behind the Clerk of Works. After a while Sam realized he couldn't hear his mate and looked round. The man's lamp was not visible. The Clerk of Works said the missing man was not ahead of him. So Sam shouted for his mate and listened. All he heard was his own voice echoing down the black tunnels.

They searched around for an hour, shouting themselves hoarse. Then they surfaced to organize a search party.

Suddenly Sam had an idea. He took the van to the shed under Hungerford Bridge. There he found the lost man. His lamp had gone out, and he had simply headed his way out of the nearest manhole without saying a word.

Sam hasn't really a grudge against the people who write to County Hall complaining of the smell wafting towards their front doors from a manhole. But they ought to realize, he feels, that whenever a manhole has to be covered over, the men whose job it is to keep the sewer system efficient will get less air.

"There ought to be windows," he goes on, "to let the upper half of the population know how us lower half is getting on."

Sewer Song Hit

They would see the lamps of the sewermen, like fireflies in the tunnels, and men probably singing in chorus. The current song hit in the sewers is "The Girl that I Marry," particularly the lines:

"The girl I call my own,
She'll wear satins and laces
And smell of cologne!"

sung with deep feeling.

Sam Hawkins says he got used to the smell of the sewers in a few years. Sewerage workers like to say that each area has a distinctive smell that gives it a personality; and that experienced flushers use their noses to guide them. According to the legend, there is under West End hotels a dominant note struck by bathsalts—on Sam Hawkins's testimony, lilac and verbena. At Piccadilly it's oysters, and under Soho the air stays a steamy cabbage.

From hospitals may come jets of scalding disinfectant that make the eyes smart, and near a garage there's sure to be traces of petrol. Big garages have petrol catchers. It's as well. Explosions down below can be terrible things. There is no smoking in sewers.

Sam Hawkins is fifty-nine and has been in sewers most of his working life. He started at the age of fourteen, as a tea boy at 2½d. an hour, when they were putting down sewers at Tooting. Today he is a sewer inspector.

After allowing for evaporation, every gallon of water pumped into London by the Metropolitan Water Board, plus every drop of rain that falls on roof and street, has to go out again through the sewers. And to keep this volume moving constantly is the task of 152 sewermen in addition to those employed by the borough councils.

The overall length of sewers in London has never been accurately determined, but there is generally a local sewer to every street, and these total about 2,500 miles. In addition there are about 400 miles of main sewers, and intercepting and storm relief sewers, with a discharging capacity of 6,600 million gallons per twenty-four hours. It is the greatest and most efficient system in the world.

Sam Hawkins's domain is the honeycomb below the very heart of London, from Blackfriars to Hampstead to Bayswater and back to the river at Chelsea.

All his sewers are not of the same size. Some are so narrow that, in order to inspect them, sewermen have to hobble along on their knees, backs bent. Sam once had to crawl thirty yards under pipes through a space of about eighteen inches to remove the cause of obstruction.

Instead of being allowed to flow straight into the Thames, sewage is normally diverted at various points and taken along to the mouth of the estuary. The old main sewers only come into action with heavy rain, when the water bumps over the intercepting parapets and out through the tide valve flaps into the Thames.

Sam talks with pride of their star sewer running from Chiswick to Chelsea Bridge, where the water is lifted by pumps to another sewer draining to Stratford, to be pumped again to Barking, where the sludge is settled, loaded into sludge vessels and jettisoned far out at sea.

He often has to conduct visitors on sight-seeing expeditions. One city councillor fell head first into a thick, slow-moving stream of sewage. Another time, when they took a pretty authoress down, it was one of the sewermen, trying to show off, who slipped and joined the ranks of those who "sat in it."

Ever-watching Eyes

Sam waves his lamp and the shaft of light picks out the even brickwork of the tunnel. "Now there's a fine sewer," he says, standing knee-deep in turgid, hissing sewage. A pair of eyes glints from near the wall, then the rat dives and paddles downstream furiously.

This is the Fleet below Ludgate Circus, once a brook that wandered through woods and between banks of daisies. Now it is a fetid tunnel large enough to take a charabanc.

A sewerman earns £5 15s. 6d. for a forty-seven hour week. He gets 10s. a week extra for night work, and overtime money. Special night calls are paid at double time.

"I've been through some nasty messes and smells," Sam told me. "But my health is good." The percentage of sickness among sewermen is not high. They believe they sweat it out. Extra soap and plenty of hot water is provided for washing the moment they come up.

Unlucky ones pick up Weil's Disease (lepto-spinal jaundice), supposedly from cuts being infected by rats. It turns sewermen the colour of varnished dealwood.

In spite of the drawbacks Sam would not change places with any other worker. He is an expert in his own right. "The job is what you make it," he says. "Believe me, life would be pretty uncomfortable for the likes of you, if it weren't for the likes of me down there!"

Cornwall still

Once prized all over the world for their rich tin deposits, the mining villages of Cornwall are ghost towns now. Yet the tin's still there—and so are the men who can get it

Sixty-three year old Tom Trezise shovels rock which has been collected on beach. It is crushed by primitive "stomper" driven by waterwheel (right)

A bomb started their mine: Joseph Yelland and his son examine sample of rock. Mine is called "Wheal Mangle" because of mangle used to hoist bucket

GAUNT AND GREY, the old mine chimneys dot the desolate moorland, pointing stony fingers at the blue Cornish sky.

With their tall, gaping engine-houses alongside, they have a certain grim majesty.

But for Cornishmen the memories the mine ruins call forth are more bitter than romantic. They recall the time—not so long ago—when half the world's copper, and all Britain's tin, came from Cornwall, when their native valleys seemed the pulsing centre of the world.

That was Cornwall—a fabulous county, in which, almost overnight, men grew rich. Then, nine thousand miles away, a little British colony climbed into the headlines. In Malaya, dredges scooped up more tin in an hour than a Cornish miner sweating underground could win in a year The price of tin came tumbling down to £60 a ton.

Cornish miners left in their thousands for Canada, Australia, South Africa, Malaya, America, Spain. Two hundred men left one parish for Michigan in a single fortnight. Their skill was prized abroad—they became the mining aristocracy of the world. The villages from which they went became ghost towns, picturesque—and dead.

Two Thousand Idle Mines

Today the price of tin is no longer £60 a ton. It is nearly £600. The world lives out of tin cans, needs tin as badly as food. But in Falmouth Library they will still show you a 160-page list of the names of over two thousand abandoned Cornish mines. In all Cornwall only four are working.

Yet down there at the foot of England, holidaymakers are walking on tin. A farmer, ploughing, strikes a stone. He uses two hands to raise it. The small stone weighs sixty-one pounds. Forty pounds of that is black tin. The farmer's stone is worth £8.

A boy roaming a Cornish beach finds a big pile of dark grey crystals shimmering on the waterline. He puts a handful in his pocket, takes it to show his uncle. "Go quickly. Get a cart," says his uncle. "That's clean tin."

When Britain's non-ferrous metal-users recently became worried about the precariousness of their supplies, it was to Cornwall that they dispatched their emissary. The emissary made inquiries, then made a bee-line for the Falmouth Observatory to talk to W. Tregoning Hooper.

Tregoning Hooper is Falmouth's retired librarian. A big, bluff, rubicund man of sixty-eight, Cornish to the tips of his thick, square fingers, Hooper is an enthusiast about Cornwall in general and Cornish mining in particular.

For twenty years he has been campaigning to bring Cornwall's mines to life again. He lectures, argues, writes to Whitehall, writes to Washington, writes to editors. He quotes his father: "You have to keep on and on. You don't expect to turn up a nugget at the first strike of the pick."

Today Hooper is able to feel that his persistence is yielding its reward. Backing him in the newly formed Cornish Mining Development Association are some of the county's most respected mining engineers.

Cornwall—which, as late as 1913, was turning out five thousand tons of tin a year—now produces nine hundred tons. These men believe that through a long-term programme of revival the Cornish mines could yield seven thousand tons of tin a year—one-third of Britain's needs.

Such a programme, they admit, would be difficult and costly, but economically justified by a growing world famine of base metals.

Foreign Sources Running Dry

Tin is not widely distributed. There has been no major tin discovery in this century, and none is expected. The cheapest-worked alluvial deposits are being exhausted. Nigeria is past its peak. Bolivia is declining.

In Cornwall the rich old copper mines began to shut down in the seventies because they were believed to be exhausted. But under the worked-out copper lodes lie rich tin lodes, still untouched. In the tin areas themselves unsystematic exploitation has left considerable areas still unworked.

And all the time research is making possible more complete and economic recovery of the tin content of the lower-grade rock.

Those are a few of the reasons why two of the world's greatest mining houses are now showing interest in Cornwall. And that is why all over the county old miners are turning over again the bits of rock they keep tucked away in boxes in the sideboard. The hopes those specimens—handed down sometimes from father to son—represent have long been dormant. Now they are stirring again.

From a hospital bed a sick man writes to Tregoning Hooper to tell of a copper lode he and his partner discovered twenty years ago. The lode is still where they covered it. . . .

From Land's End comes a letter about a field of tin rock with an assay value of twenty-eight pounds to the ton. Hooper gets pencil and paper and works out that with fourteen miners and trammers breaking fifty tons of rock a day you might clear £300—before taxation—in a month.

Fell Down Water Shaft

And out Hooper goes, at sixty-eight, climbing up and down cliff faces like a mountain goat, probing around old workings, picking up clues from the old people, carrying back to his office loads of rocks to be pounded up and tested for tin content. A week or two ago he fell into a sixty-foot shaft full of water.

But it would take more than that to deter him now—for these days he can almost believe his dream is coming true. He can believe it because of things like Wheal Mangle. *Wheal* is Cornish for "mine," and *Mangle*, well, mangle is not exclusively Cornish.

Wheal Mangle was inaugurated by a German bomb which fell on a piece of heather land at the back of Joseph Yelland's farm. The bomb laid bare an upturned layer of rock, flecked with dark grey. An old miner, Yelland didn't have to look twice. He knew the back

has buried treasure

by HARRY HOPKINS

of a tin lode when he saw one. He dug —and found the Old Men had been there before him.

You hear a lot about the "Old Men" in Cornwall. The towering cliff-face at St. Agnes is as full of holes as a cheese. The signature of those nameless mining ancients is writ large across the county.

Yelland and a mining pal named Oates fixed a spot and started to sink a shaft.

Local Wag Labelled It

A few days ago I went down that shaft. I climbed, rather shakily, down the rickety ladders. Above us the rust-brown kibble dangled in the square of blue sky. On the grass an old mangle lay alongside. In the first days the wheel of the mangle had served to wind up the kibble's load of rock and soil—and a local wag, going by one night, had chalked up "Wheal Mangle"—Mangle Mine.

The fumes of dynamite hung about the bottom of the shaft. Yelland's son had been blasting again. In the morning he works at his trade as a watchmaker; in the afternoons he labours in Mangle Mine, drilling the hard rock, planting the dynamite, lighting the fuses, running up the ladders—then descending as the smoke rolls away, to get out the rock.

It is tough work and slow work. The shaft is down twenty-five feet now, and so far nothing much has turned up. Another twenty-five feet and then, if there's still nothing, they'll try a crosscut.

Science can help little. So erratic and chopped about are the lodes of Cornwall that four separate methods of geophysical prospecting have been tried and found wanting. The history of Cornish tin-mining is full of dramatic stories of thin lodes suddenly widening into riches, of rich lodes abruptly petering out.

Here every miner is his own geologist. The one rule is: *Where it is, there it is.*

Hooper's dream is to bring back the grand old miners of his boyhood, men tough, kindly, and infinitely skilful; mining "captains" like Tobias Gribble or Dick Whitford, miners like William Jose or Wilfrid Saare.

Fifty years ago, Hooper tells you, Cornwall was full of just such men, fiercely independent, proud of their craft and of their heritage.

What the Pessimists Say

But today, the county is decisively divided into optimists and pessimists. The pessimists have had enough: Cornish tin-mining, they say, is dead and should be allowed to remain decently buried. The optimists retort that Cornwall is on the verge of a new era of activity.

The obstacles are formidable. There is so much to be done. If enterprise opens up a likely place it may have to wrestle interminably with six or seven separate owners of mineral rights. And now in 1948 land value increment taxation has arrived to make nonsense of the business of prospecting.

For one success there may well be a dozen failures. Pumping the old copper mines dry will take two or three years. Today only one mine pays a dividend. Some of the others are struggling with out-of-date equipment. High taxation has wiped out the chance of rich rewards that once lured financiers into facing the incalculable risks of mining.

Not Only Luck

And to the "luck of the lode" is added the uncertain factor of production costs oscillating widely from mine to mine. South Crofty, for instance, now pumps eight hundred gallons of water a minute; Geevor not so many spongefuls. Geevor's lodes are measured in inches—but are rich; South Crofty's may be measured in feet, but are poorer.

Down below, Geevor, they say, is like an ice-box; next door, the old Levant is "hotter than hell."

The Cornish Mining Development Association reckons that its programme will need five thousand miners. Meanwhile, the existing mines are crying out for men —vainly. South Crofty needs a hundred badly.

The industry has a bad labour record. Conditions in some mines—deep, wet and hot—have been bad. Silicosis has been rife. In quite recent times there have been bitter strikes. Even now the pay is too low to compensate for the arduous work.

Only bold Government intervention, with a new deal for both capital and labour, can meet the needs of the situation. That is a pretty tall order—but the Association's hopes are rising. The Shinwell Mineral Development Committee —expected to report shortly—is considering the memorandum in which the Association sets forth its plan for a State-backed metalliferous mining corporation, responsible for prospecting, acquiring mineral rights and working areas, directly or through the major mining companies.

A vigorous development programme spread over ten or twenty years could, says Hooper, produce in Cornwall tin which—with its by-products, arsenic, tungsten, plus a little copper and a little lead—would be worth £3,000,000 a year.

Help to Close the Gap

That is as good as 12,000,000 dollars towards the closing of the dollar gap—for the home-mined tin will free the equivalent amount of Malayan tin for sale to the United States.

If Cornwall had been in Russia or Germany or Australia or South Africa, Hooper says, its tin mines would today be hives of activity, with all the support of the State behind them. They can be so still. It will be a little harder now and will take a little longer, but it is still not too late.

Cornwall must come into her own again. Tregoning Hooper picks up another rock from his desk and looks at it thoughtfully as he reaches for his hammer.

Tregoning Hooper, the retired librarian whose hopes for Cornish tin may yet be fulfilled, takes a walk round disused West Wheal Towan mine

Plenty to film in rural Britain . . . House-building's easy . . . Labourers can become farmers

S. Hanna with 16-mm. cine-camera. "Self-appointed" task is to record on film methods of rural craftsmen

"I was builder, carpenter, glazier, labourer": G. R. Eveson and house

Married a farmworker, who now farms his own fifty acres: Mrs. Marion Roberts with husband and family

FREE SPEECH

RECENTLY, A FRIEND and I took advantage of a cheap Sunday railway excursion to visit Brighton. Posters advertised the time of departure, but no indication was given that we would have to return by a special train.

That evening, a large crowd, gathered on the platform at Brighton, were informed that they had missed the excursion train and would have to pay excess fare to return by an ordinary train. As the excess was more than the original cost of the excursion return ticket, we all had a feeling of being tricked. Such catchpenny methods supply fuel for the opponents of nationalisation. — E. T. TAYLOR, 25 Linden Avenue, Thornton Heath, Surrey.

Build Your Own

MANY READERS LATELY have been complaining about the time they have to wait for houses. Why don't some of them build their own as I have done? It's not so difficult.

I had never done any building in my life. Nevertheless, after buying a shilling book on bricklaying and simple building, I went to see an architect and ordered a plan for a four-roomed house with an attic and outbuildings.

After getting permission from the council, I began to build. I was my own bricklayer, carpenter, glazier, labourer. When the building was finished, I sent for the borough surveyor, the house was passed, and I immediately occupied it.

I am not specially skilled, and I am sure many other men could do exactly the same. — G. R. EVESON, "Cranbourne," Spring Street, Lye, Stourbridge, Worcs.

Never in the Right

A NEWSPAPER, recently reporting that the limit on unlicensed repairs to property may, in some cases, be raised to £1,000, stated that this is part of the Government's "pre-election 'ease the pressure' policy."

Is the Government never right? When it finds it necessary to impose a control, the opposition screams against it. And when the Government finds it possible to relax a control, the same people accuse it of pandering to the voters. What the heck *is* the Government to do?—C. FOSTER, Flat 3, 5 Derby Road, Fallowfield, Manchester, 14.

Too Many Drugs Lost...

WHY IS IT THAT WE are warned so often about the loss of dangerous drugs, which are nearly always pheno-barbitone? If that drug is so dangerous, why is it so easy to obtain—and lose?—A. CHATTERS, 2 Rose Villas, Churchfield, West Mersea, Essex.

...This is Why

ONE REASON why so much pheno-barbitone is lost is that epileptics are in the habit of carrying a full supply around with them wherever they go.

When they feel an epileptic bout coming on, they quickly take out the tablets, and then, in a moment of temporary blackout, drop them. As the daze lasts for some minutes, they may not realize until later that they have lost their precious drug.

The solution, I think, is for sufferers to carry only a supply for immediate needs wherever they go, and this fact should be publicised in the public interest.—B. KAY, 9 Silverdale Avenue, Mansfield Woodhouse, Mansfield, Notts.

Marry a Farmworker? Certainly

CLAUD MORRIS in his interesting article "Marry a Farmworker? No, My Girl" (JOHN BULL, September 25), states, "I have not yet heard of a farmworker who became a farmer."

I have. I married one. His weekly wage in 1927 was 25s. The rent of our cottage was £7 a year. We had a good garden, kept about twenty fowls, and in summer I catered for visitors, which added about £30 to the exchequer.

By the time our third child had arrived, we had saved about £100. We rented a fifty-acre farm and, by borrowing another £100, were able to buy stock and implements. We both worked hard to repay that loan, and found that a life of hard work can be remarkably happy—if your heart's in the work.

Our hearts were—and still are; and, though I'm a city-bred woman, I have no regrets that I married a farm labourer. — MRS. MARION ROBERTS, Braichyceunant Farm, Brithdir, Dolgelley, North Wales.

New-laid (Once)

THE REASON THE PUBLIC gets bad eggs is because of the time lag between producer and consumer. Here is the average time taken:

From producer to packing station: ten days. Time taken to be released by Ministry: four days. From wholesaler to retailer: four days. And then it might take two or three days before the retailer passes them over.

So, all in all, it is about three weeks before the customer gets his "new laid."—F. D. CUMBERLAND (egg grader), 5 Victoria Street, Castlefields, Shrewsbury.

Filming Rural Britain

DENNIS HOLMAN'S ARTICLE "Britain's Snapshot Album" (JOHN BULL, September 25) was of great interest to me, as I, too, am recording aspects of British life for posterity.

My self-appointed task is to record the methods of our rural craftsmen. I have filmed the clog-maker, tanner, blacksmith and many others.—S. HANNA, 15 Prestwick Street, Burnley, Lancs.

War Graves in Holland

FROM READERS' LETTERS in JOHN BULL, I understand that many bereaved parents have been unable to visit their sons' war graves. This seems to me a pitiful thing, and we are anxious to do what we can to help.

If any parents want free lodging for a week while visiting war graves in Holland, they might care to get in touch with me. I can take two people (parents, of course, take precedence).

I am a teacher, and we belong to the Protestant religion. We lost our only daughter, aged twenty-seven, in the war. —J. KLEINEPIER, 53 Vlielandsestraat, Scheveningen, Holland.

Public's to Blame

PUBLIC TELEPHONE KIOSKS should be cleaned more regularly, says Miss Joyce Hull (JOHN BULL, September 25).

I am a kiosk cleaner, and know that each public kiosk in London and the suburbs is cleaned three times a week. The condition of some of them is, I agree, appalling. Cigarette ash is spilled into mouthpieces, telephone books torn, and the floors (which are scrubbed every couple of days with carbolic water) left in a filthy condition.

So long as people persist in doing these things, no cleaning service on earth, however efficient, can keep telephone booths clean.—H. P. MOLLER, 70 Wakefield Street, Edmonton, London, N.18.

Works and Wants

A READER, A. W. TOMALIN, complains of delay in having a telephone installed (JOHN BULL, September 25). I applied for a telephone in February, 1946, and so far have not had even a promise.

My particular job is the installation of telephones. — SAMUEL H. CREED, 10 Talfourd Place, London, S.E.15.

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

When you spot a forgery

by WILLIAM J. GAGE

As soon as anyone reports a dud note, Scotland Yard flags up the Forgery Map. That's the first step in a tricky job: running to earth the gangs behind the forged currency wave

Police expert uses ultra-violet rays on car licence suspected to be a forgery

DETECTIVE-INSPECTOR PAUL BURNEY, head of Scotland Yard's special Forgery Squad, has been trained to detect every kind of forgery, from Savings stamps to Old Masters.

But what at the moment is worrying him, and his opposite numbers from overseas—he has been conferring with leading officials of the American Federal Bureau of Investigation and Inspector René Riols of France—is nothing so exotic as faked Vermeers but just plain forging of currency.

Counterfeiters have been busy on petrol coupons, ration books, travellers' cheques, bankers' drafts, postal orders and even Government vouchers—but the forging of actual currency is giving the police their biggest headache.

Forged British, American and Canadian notes are circulating increasingly in most big Continental cities. At home, each week brings further proof of the increase in counterfeited money.

More than a score of beautifully-faked £5 and £10 notes were let loose in Shropshire a few weeks ago. They were so well made that even the banks accepted them as genuine. Only under a microscope could they be detected as forgeries.

During the summer, along the south-east coast, dozens of forged £1 notes got into circulation before any suspicion was aroused. They would still be unsuspected (and no doubt many of them are) had it not been that a woman cashier in a Brighton multiple store noticed a queer smudge on one of the notes, just above the top letters and serial number.

She reported to the manager, who called in the police. Chief Constable W. J. Hutchinson, of the Sussex Constabulary, took personal charge of the case, and asked Inspector Burney to help.

Burney and his assistants, with microscope and chemicals, found that the paper and watermark were genuine. Only the thin metal line, introduced during the war to make forgery more difficult, was missing.

Traders on Guard

The excellence of the forgeries and the difficulty in detecting them led traders in several Surrey towns to refuse to accept any green £1 notes unless the people who offered them agreed to give their names and accept responsibility for any financial loss if the notes turned out to be forgeries.

Hundreds of forged notes are being passed daily at race meetings, greyhound tracks, boxing bouts and football matches. One bookmaker awoke to find a letter from his bank saying that two days previously he had paid in more than £200 in forged notes.

Men from Burney's squad called to ask if he could give any information about the people who had passed the notes to him, but it was obviously a forlorn hope. A bookmaker gets only the hastiest glimpse of the money he accepts on the course or of the money he pays out. This particular bookmaker had paid over £200 in forged notes into his bank. Who could tell how many more he had unwittingly passed on to his clients?

The notes in this case were part of a large batch printed in a South London basement from which the occupants disappeared a few hours before detectives arrived with a search warrant. Since then, many more notes, with later serial numbers, have been put out by the same gang. One identifying mark proves that all the notes have been printed on the same machine.

There are at the moment at least eleven well-organized gangs in possession of all the latest instruments for manufacturing notes. They never stay long at any one headquarters, occupying rented rooms, usually basements, on short leases.

The hunt for them has not been restricted to land. Within the last six weeks the captains of the *Queen Elizabeth, Queen Mary* and *Ascania* have all received wireless messages to the effect that passengers carrying forged notes were believed to be aboard. Three men were recently arrested as they disembarked from one vessel.

Customs launches are now being used regularly in the English Channel and the North Sea to track down small craft which bring counterfeit notes here from the Continent.

Some of the notes are manufactured in a small port near Antwerp. Others come from forgers' dens in and around Nice and Cannes, where they are made for sale to French people who want to come to Britain. Tightening up on British currency abroad has limited the black market supplies of genuine notes, so the forgers are providing substitutes.

Nazis Taught Them

Another regular source of supply is from those Frenchmen who, while in concentration camps during the war, were taught to make British currency by the Germans for use over here when Germany won the war.

Recently Swiss police detained an Englishman who has been living abroad since the war ended, though he has paid periodic visits to England. He left some luggage behind in a Paris night club called "Le Metro" (after the underground station next door), and the luggage was found to contain hundreds of £1 notes.

Two other men arrested in Paris had more than £1,000 in forged British notes and nearly 7,000 dollars in American forgeries. They admitted they intended coming to London to get rid of them. French forgery experts, in their report to Scotland Yard, described the notes as "the most perfect forgeries we have ever seen."

In South Wales the police have been searching for a mobile printing plant which has operated in several Welsh towns. They have obtained considerable information, but the forgers, having learnt that the police are on their track, have suspended operations for the time being.

In areas where forged notes have been passed in quantities, many local chambers of commerce have issued warnings to traders, giving the numbers and letterings of the forgeries. This usually gives considerable amusement to the forgers, since the warnings are almost always posted too late.

When a certain number of forged notes in one series has been circulated, the gang set up new serial numbers and letterings. Often they get to know when a new letter-series is issued by the Bank of England and immediately begin to forge notes with those letters.

No forgery is perfect and, generally speaking, Burney's squad have no difficulty in *detecting* forgeries. But it is much more difficult to trace the forgers responsible.

The agents who pass the counterfeit notes will rarely give away the men who employ them, though they themselves fall into the hands of the police. That is why Frederick Watson, one of the biggest forgers of this century, was at large for three years before the police were able to catch him red-handed.

His downfall finally came through a telephone call to Scotland Yard from an angry accomplice who had been "slashed" over a deal. For, although Watson was making £25,000 a year from his various criminal activities, he became very mean towards the end.

Caught in the Act

Thanks to his fellow crook's annoyance at being done out of his share of the spoils, Watson's flat in north-west London was raided by police officers when Watson was actually at work with zinc plates, engraver's tools, lead blocks and other forging instruments. He received a sentence of seven years' penal servitude.

The Yard's routine system, whenever a forged note is reported, is to flag off the Forgery Map to show the area where the forged notes have been in circulation. Gradually, as fresh information comes in, the flags close in, street by street and even shop by shop.

In this way, with police alerted in the neighbourhood where the forged notes are being passed, it is hoped to get vital information within a few minutes. That is where the public can give the police inestimable help—by reporting a forgery, even though only suspected, the moment the note is received.

With red-hot information of that kind, Burney's men have some hope of being able to make a capture. Without it, they must rely on the laborious round of constant investigation and the very rare assistance of a disgruntled informer.

WITH MY FEET UP

Come into the Laboratory

THE ROBOT AGE is upon us—if the Atom Age doesn't get here first. Near London there is already a factory turning out radio sets by machines that need hardly any human operators.

In another factory, which deals with dangerous radio-active substances, machines perform complicated operations automatically and can even fit new spare parts without human aid if there is a breakdown.

As I take pride in presenting readers with authoritative statements on new developments, I immediately approached Professor Weed on the subject. The Professor is, of course, the well-known scientist and inventor who devised a machine which would do the smoking for people who have given up smoking.

"Robots?" said the Professor. "Pooh! I've had them for years. Invented dozens of them. Come into my laboratory and you can see my automatic door. Now watch it open when I step up to it."

The door didn't open and the Professor banged his nose. "Bother! It's stuck," he exclaimed. "Now I shall have to invent a machine for picking my unpickable lock."

We had to climb in at the window which, by the way, was made of the Professor's patent glass that you can't see through.

* * *

"Now here is my robot stamp-licker or mechanical office boy," he said. "You fill this tank with milk and adjust this valve so that it drips slowly out of this tube. In here you put a cat. Then, every time a drop of milk appears, the cat's tongue comes out and you dab a stamp on it."

He next took me to a machine which had violins, trumpets, saxophones and other instruments sticking out of it. "This is my robot dance band," he said. He sat on a seat and pulled a lever. Immediately there was an explosion which blew his trousers off.

The Professor shook himself, produced an envelope from his pocket and wrote on the back: *Memo—Invent pair of unblowoffable-trousers.*

"Over here," he went on, "is my masterpiece. This machine will revolutionize the bicycle trade. All you do is to drop two tricycles in this hopper and behold, three bicycles come out at the other end."

"Wonderful," I said. "And this?"

"That's a wind tunnel," said the Professor. "I'm busy fitting it to my machine for recording peace conferences."

by Ian Fox

Mothers don't approve. It strains a lad, they say. But experts contend it's science not strain that counts in weightlifting, the

Strong, silent sport

by IDRIS HARRINGTON

DAD PULLUM RECKONS he should have died forty years ago. When he was seventeen the doctors diagnosed tuberculosis and said it would be only a matter of a few years. But some of his tough companions prescribed an iron tonic of dumb-bells instead of doctor's medicine. Pullum took up weightlifting.

Within two years, eight-stone Pullum was able to hold up 204 pounds. He progressed to a music hall act called *The Roman Column,* in which he supported three men and weights totalling 900 pounds.

This year he trained the British weightlifting team who were placed third in the Olympic Games. At sixty-one, 5 ft. 5½ in. high, he can still lift 112 pounds above his head with one hand.

Within Dad Pullum's lifetime weightlifting has had more downs than ups. The old-fashioned act that disappeared from the music halls and emerged again in the gymnasia shortly afterwards never really caught on with the public.

Take the British Amateur Weight Lifters' Association formed in 1910. Thirty-six years later, they were barely able to scrape together 1,800 members. But things improved when Oscar State, a Twickenham schoolmaster, became B.A.W.L.A.'s honorary secretary. Today there are 4,000 members in about 600 affiliated clubs all over the country.

Made a Show of It

State decided that weightlifting needed showmanship. He arranged large meetings at Wembley, held the championships in a London theatre instead of an obscure gymnasium, pepped up the lighting effects and dressed up the contestants.

"We've got to start the public thinking differently about the Iron Game," he says.

The stiffest opposition to it comes from mothers, who have always hated the idea of their sons (and daughters) lifting weights. Mothers believe that dire consequences accompany the sport. Rupture, heart trouble, strain, bound muscles and intestinal complications have all been attributed to weightlifting.

Weightlifters say this is sheer nonsense. "We have made weightlifting a science," says D. G. Johnson, editor of one of their magazines, "to enable a man to lift five or six times his bodyweight without doing himself any harm."

Johnson traces the sport back to the mythical Milo, who could lift a full-grown bull over his head. Modern weightlifters are sceptical of this feat, just as they are of the music hall strong man who used to lift a caged elephant.

Jim Halliday was once a "skeleton" in a p.o.w. camp, but here he's lifting 253½ pounds in Olympic contest. He was third

The great man stood, yoked by chains to the cage, on a platform above it. By pressing with his arms on parallel bars, he swung the cage clear of the stage, paused, and let it crash down again. He then collapsed in a faint until sufficiently revived with brandy to stagger forwards and acknowledge the applause.

One night, the strong man fainted as usual when he slackened the chain, but instead of crashing down, the elephant remained suspended a foot above the stage. The concealed elevating machinery had let down the strong man, but not the elephant.

Today the Iron Game is standardized in seventy-eight countries and consists of lifting a seven-foot steel rod with removable discs on either end, so that weight can be added or taken off.

International contests are based on three lifts: the Two-Hands Press, the Snatch and the Clean and Jerk. The Press is the toughest. In that the lifter must stand with toes touching an imaginary line, then pick up the barbell to shoulder height and press it up to arms' length. If he sways or staggers he is disqualified.

Lifters are graded according to bodyweight, from bantam (8 st. 11½ lb.) to heavy (over 12 st. 13¾ lb.). At the Olympics this year, the heavyweight title was won for America by Johnny Davis, lifting a total of 997½ pounds. This was only 12½ pounds short of the world record.

Everything about a weightlifting event seems to lend itself to emotion, excitement, temperament. The build-up is for one supreme effort lasting only a few seconds. Stamina does not enter into it; just the capacity to summon up every ounce of strength and concentrate it in the herculean task.

A lift is conducted in absolute silence, in a darkened hall, with the spotlights directed on the platform where lies the bar-bell, already loaded up to the weight to be attempted.

Some of the great pressers fix the quarry with a stare for a few seconds, then walk up to it, inhale deeply, and lift. At shoulder height they stop for another breath, then press. Slowly, through the tense silence, the metal goes up till it is extended above the head. There it holds still for two seconds, and down it comes again as the lifter gasps out a lungful of air.

Egyptians Prayed

Egyptians prayed at the Olympics before each lift, shouting "Allah!" as the bar-bell went up. Record-breaking "snatchers" paced up and down the platform like caged tigers before rushing forward for a great heave. Occasionally an unsuccessful lifter would break down and cry like a baby.

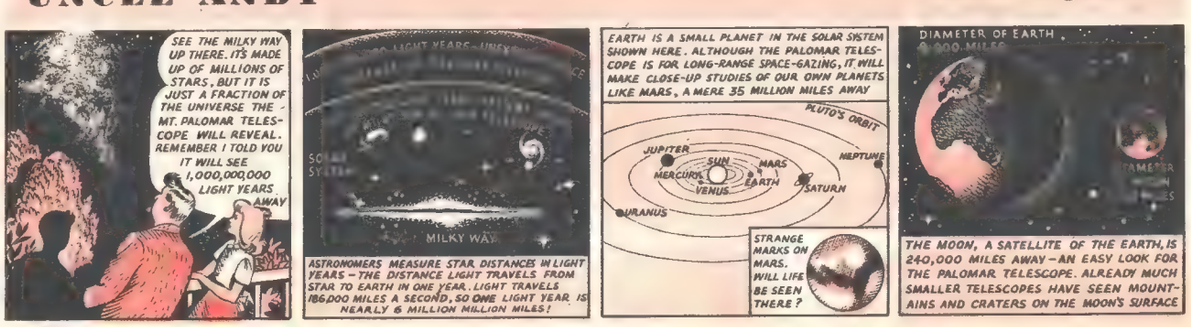
One of our own outstanding contestants was Julian Creus, a thirty-four year old Liverpool docker. He was placed second after breaking a world's bantamweight record with a snatch of 209½ pounds. Another was Jim Halliday, a Bolton locomotive driver, who came third in the light-heavyweight section.

Halliday was a prisoner of war with the Japs for three years and a half. He came back to England a walking skeleton. Weightlifting has built him up again from eight stone to eleven.

"After Dad Pullum," he says, "I reckon I'm the best 'before-and-after' advertisement for the Iron Game."

UNCLE ANDY

The World's Neighbours


SEE THE MILKY WAY UP THERE. IT'S MADE UP OF MILLIONS OF STARS, BUT IT IS JUST A FRACTION OF THE UNIVERSE THE MT. PALOMAR TELESCOPE WILL REVEAL. REMEMBER I TOLD YOU IT WILL SEE 1,000,000,000 LIGHT YEARS AWAY
MILKY WAY
ASTRONOMERS MEASURE STAR DISTANCES IN LIGHT YEARS – THE DISTANCE LIGHT TRAVELS FROM STAR TO EARTH IN ONE YEAR. LIGHT TRAVELS 186,000 MILES A SECOND, SO ONE LIGHT YEAR IS NEARLY 6 MILLION MILLION MILES!
EARTH IS A SMALL PLANET IN THE SOLAR SYSTEM SHOWN HERE. ALTHOUGH THE PALOMAR TELESCOPE IS FOR LONG-RANGE SPACE-GAZING, IT WILL MAKE CLOSE-UP STUDIES OF OUR OWN PLANETS LIKE MARS, A MERE 35 MILLION MILES AWAY
PLUTO'S ORBIT
JUPITER
SUN
MARS
MERCURY
EARTH
NEPTUNE
VENUS
SATURN
URANUS
STRANGE MARKS ON MARS. WILL LIFE BE SEEN THERE?
DIAMETER OF EARTH 8,000 MILES
DIAMETER
THE MOON, A SATELLITE OF THE EARTH, IS 240,000 MILES AWAY – AN EASY LOOK FOR THE PALOMAR TELESCOPE. ALREADY MUCH SMALLER TELESCOPES HAVE SEEN MOUNTAINS AND CRATERS ON THE MOON'S SURFACE

The last of the tinkers

To the villagers there seemed only one thing to do when the tinker's horse staged a sit-down strike. But, although you can lead a horse to a grave, you can't *make* him get into it

by Cledwyn Hughes

ILLUSTRATED BY STEVEN SPURRIER, A.R.A.

SHONE WAS THE LAST of the tinkers; he was a bachelor and all his fathers before him had been in the trade, travelling out around the countryside from Llawn village mending and selling pots and pans.

Their cry had been well known for generations and only last summer a man had come down from London with a little machine to make a recording of this cry, this sort of wailing shout of unknown words which only Shone could give to perfection.

This man from London had come at about the same time as the swallows and had talked in much the same twittering way, asking questions about this call and being very persistent in wanting to know the exact pitch at which Shone shouted when entering a village with his wares.

The recording had been a great success, except for the last inch of the grooves.

Shone had bellowed for two and a half minutes and had ended up in desperation with some of the swear words peculiar to Llawn village; words used when a calf is born with two heads or a manure cart collapses on its axle.

Shone, then, was an oddity, the last of his people. And even he for many years now had bought his wares ready made from some place in Birmingham; and even he had lost the art of cold-soldering a leaking brass pan.

He was more of a general hawker now and his little cart, pulled loathfully by his chestnut mare, Bess, was piled high with dusters and mops and sometimes a second-hand wireless set, all things which, surely, a real tinker would have refused to carry.

But then Shone was the last of the tinkers and the country people only supported him out of sympathy and kindness, liking his honest smile and the open, though lying, way he said a saucepan was a two-quart when even a child could see that it was a one-quart only.

But the man from London had only just come in time; for in the heat of the summer, Shone retired from tinkering. Never after that would he repeat his cry. And it was not really of his own accord that he retired, but rather because of his mare, Bess.

PERHAPS it was the heat of the August, for such sun had never been before.

The green leaves of the walnut trees below the Vicarage had become grey with dust and children could walk under the arches of the river bridge. And there was only the deep well of Sykes the Garage to water the whole village, he handing it out as precious as petrol.

It was on the evening of a Friday that Bess had collapsed on the last hill before the village.

It had been a bad day, and the cart was as heavy coming home as it had been in the morning. Shone had been pushing at the back and the mare straining at the front, her head a cloud of flies in spite of all the elderberry leaves which Shone had draped there; they had been going slowly up the hill when, with a great rattle of the harness, Bess collapsed.

The cart tilted up and Shone was hit sharply under the jaw by the back end of it as it rose quickly in the air. Luckily Shone had no false teeth, he a man of gums only, and so he suffered no grievous ill.

The heat, and a bad day of selling, and now this.

"Up, Bess, bless the mare, what has happened to her?"

He came round to the front of the cart.

Bess had sat neatly down on four legs, her eyes closed and her white spotted head drooping.

Shone patted her back.

"Up, Bess. Bess, come home now for a nice feed and some cool water. I have

"Destroy my horse!" cried Shone. "Do you think she is an old car to be broken up?"

had a crack on the jaw but I do not sit down."

Always Shone talked to Bess as if she was human, expecting an answer; for these two were old friends, being so much alone together on the quiet country roads.

Shone had bought the mare when a foal and she had grown up with him. Once at the local agricultural show he had entered her as the best dressed horse, but she had not won.

For Shone had decorated her with honeysuckle and sweet briar roses, with ropes of foxgloves and daisy chains. It had seemed that they had not wanted a horse dressed so naturally and the prize had gone to a pony of ribbons and rosettes and millinery and haberdashery.

The people had laughed, and since that time when Shone had taken Bess sadly away from the showfield there had been a new bond between them. For, as Shone said afterwards, all the people laughed at us.

And now Bess had collapsed on this hill and would not move.

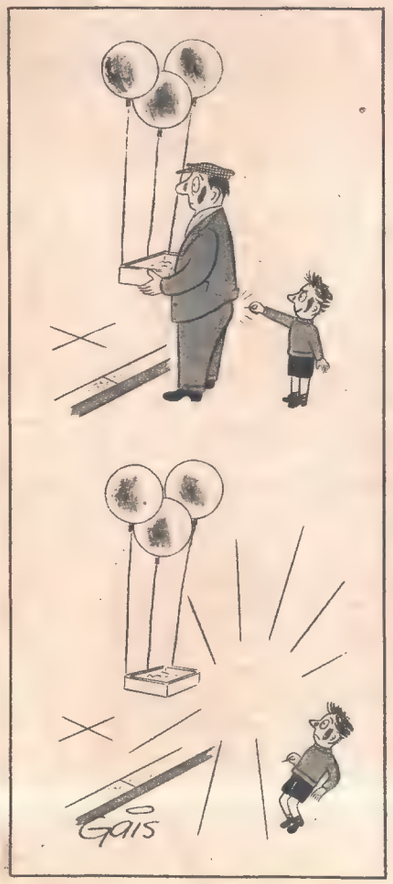
In his heart Shone had known that some day Bess must have an end to all her years. He had never thought much about that time, though knowing that when that day came a whole great sorrow must come to his life.

Very much, he supposed, like that which had come to Sykes the Garage when his wife had died on the day before their silver wedding; poor Sykes, who next day had been putting oil in the cars where the petrol should have been, and trying to fill the radiators with air from the little, puffing machine.

Shone opened one of Bess's eyes and on the instant she opened the other one, gave a neigh, and bit the bottom flap of his tweed waistcoat.

"Goodness, mare, what has possessed you?"

He slapped her back, but that only made her relax lower. He then tried to lift her, but the dead weight of a whole horse was too much for even a wiry man like Shone. For a long time he tried to get the mare to her feet, calling and slapping and in the end unharnessing the cart and bowling it away to the side of the road.



At that moment a car came along and in all desperation Shone waved to it, longing with all his heart that he had bought a van years ago, like his cousin who sold scrap iron in Liverpool.

It was Sykes the Garage back from taking a wedding party to catch the train at the Junction. From the amount of confetti on Sykes it would have appeared as if he was the bridegroom, and, as he stepped out of his car, a whole shower of the stuff fell out of the inside of his trousers.

"Well, now, Shone the Tinker, and whatever has happened?"

"It is my horse, Bess, Sykes; at last she has conked out."

"Why, man, have you poisoned her or have you given her some noxious drug?"

"Not I, Sykes, not I. I love my Bess but her end is near. See how she has collapsed."

Sykes went up to Bess very cautiously as any man who is used to cars would inspect a sick horse.

"She appears ill, Shone, very ill indeed. On her last legs, I should say. Better fetch the knacker's lorry and have her taken away for houndsmeat."

Sykes was only a little man, due, it is said, to his father having been a jockey, but he had plenty of courage and did not back away when Shone shook a nobbly fist under his very nose, rubbing the hairs of his clipped moustache.

And Shone was shouting:

"Destroy my horse, indeed; do you think that she is an old car to be broken up and turned into money when her useful days are over? Tell me that?"

"Put your fist down, Shone, that's a good man, and keep calm. What can you do with your Bess? Fast she is on the way out of this world and you cannot allow her to die and decay on the public highway. You will have Jenkins the Sanitary Inspector here in no time and that will be trouble for you."

"I shall try and save her, and if it is to be that she has to die, Sykes, then I shall bury her decently."

"But the hole, man, think of the hole that you will have to dig?"

"Hole? What is a hole when a lifelong friend is to be given the last respects, tell me that?"

"Well, indeed, now, only trying to help I was. But seeing as that is how you are feeling, Shone, I think I'd better be going."

SYKES took off his bowler hat and brushed some of the confetti off the brim. Even that simple act seemed to annoy Shone greatly, for he shook his fist again.

"Do not pay disrespect to my dying mare with your tom-fool confetti; be off with you."

Sykes had had enough and drove quickly into the village and there told all the people that Bess was dying and that Shone himself was going demented what with the heat and the sorrow.

Sykes sent the vet to the hill. He was a young man who wore a white coat and after examining the mare told Shone that Bess looked extremely well externally but that the collapse must be due to some internal trouble.

He, in all innocence, offered to ring up the knacker's yard. Perhaps Sykes the Garage should have warned him, for on the instant this statement drove Shone into a new fury.

The young man had not the calm of Sykes and in return shook his fist in Shone's face; indeed a rash thing for any man to do to an angry tinker. But after receiving a stinging blow on the right ear this young man ran for his life to his car.

He had been something of an athlete

Continued on page 21

Opera without frills

by JOHN K. NEWNHAM

Grand Opera loses money. But here's one company that knows how to make opera pay—by taking it to the people

ROUND AND ROUND the country they go: a hundred singers, musicians and staff in two railway coaches; scenery and costumes for a dozen productions in another seven wagons. They arrive on Monday, play for a fortnight, pack up and move on Sunday, open in another town on Monday again.

Grand opera is not supposed to pay. Covent Garden estimates an average loss of £5,000 a year, despite crowded houses. Edinburgh counts on profits from orchestral concerts and other ventures to offset the losses on *Don Giovanni* and *Cosi Fan Tutti*. Even in Italy the State has to subsidize its opera houses.

Yet the Carl Rosa Opera Company is out on the road again in its seventy-third year, playing to half a million people in forty-seven weeks, charging an average of just under five shillings a head, and flourishing.

Sincerity and Singing

The Carl Rosa is an institution quite on its own. It is the only company to take opera to the people instead of waiting for the people to come to the metropolis. It has probably done more than any other company to keep opera alive in this country.

Playing in the big provincial cities, it presents opera without frills, with the emphasis on sincerity and singing. If the customers want lush atmosphere and florid production, they can go up to London and pay Covent Garden prices for it. At home, with seats ranging from one shilling to nine, it isn't atmosphere they're buying, it's voices.

The voices sing in English and belong almost without exception to English singers. The Carl Rosa Company has never presented an opera in any other language.

Yet the company was started by a German, Carl August Nicolas Rose, who later changed his surname to Rosa so that the English pronunciation might approximate to the German one.

Rosa made his first contact with the English when he appeared as a solo violinist at the Crystal Palace. On a visit to America he met and married a singer who inspired him to form his own opera company there in 1869. He came to England in September, 1875, beginning the longest series of uninterrupted opera tours on record.

For British Talent

Opera was almost dead in England in the seventies. Rosa brought it new life. He staged the better-known works and commissioned English composers to write new ones for him. His policy was to provide opportunity for British talent. That is still the company's policy almost fifty years after Rosa's death.

For forty-seven weeks in the year there is no let-up in the string of performances.

Sectional rehearsals are continuous; full stage rehearsals when necessary; concentrated rehearsals every day when a new production is being prepared. A new production, with scenery, costumes and three months' preparation, costs an initial £3,000. Run-of-the-mill performances cost £2,500 a week.

If it were not for the comparatively high running costs, the company would go farther afield, but the £2,500 pins it down to the larger towns and larger theatres.

Britain's operatic tastes? "Audiences are conservative," says Henry Phillips, present owner and managing director of the Carl Rosa. "They fight shy of new or unknown works. The call is for *Carmen, La Bohème, Madame Butterfly, Faust* and *Rigoletto* all the time.

Auditions on Tour

The big cities like Manchester and Glasgow go for heavy stuff of the *Flying Dutchman* and *Tosca* calibre. Smaller towns prefer more Butterfly-ish items.

It is a Carl Rosa tradition to hold auditions in every town visited, and in a good year they will find as many as ten promising newcomers to be taken into the chorus. Wales provides the most, with Ireland, Lancashire and Yorkshire next on the list.

The new recruit attends daily rehearsals for a few months; goes into the chorus when he has learnt the words and music. His salary is £7 10s. a week, with all expenses paid. Those above the average may get small parts after a year or so, and the talented few rise to leading rôles in two or three years, earning between £20 and £30 a week.

Several members have been with the company for more than a quarter of a century. Hubert Dunkerley, who started in the chorus after the first World War, has been singing baritone for nearly thirty years and has played in more than seventy operas, with three temporary defections into musical comedy and one joyful excursion into pantomime, when he played Baron Hardup in *Cinderella*.

One of the trombone players, who is also librarian, has been playing in the orchestra for twenty-six years. His wife, leader of the female chorus, has been singing for the same period.

Attracts the Young

The Carl Rosa's outlook for the future is bright. The Government's remission of tax on non-profit-making cultural shows has helped enormously and advance bookings for the present season are heavier than they have ever been before.

The customers themselves are changing. Before the war it was mostly the middle aged and elderly who formed the bulk of the audience, often never visiting the local theatre except for the Carl Rosa season. Now the younger people sometimes outnumber their seniors.

Many acquired the taste for opera on foreign service. They are more critical than their elders and candidly compare the more modest productions of the British company with the lavish presentations in the State-subsidized opera-houses abroad. But the appreciation of opera is strong in them, and they grasp the chance to renew its acquaintance.

For many of them, return to civvy street would have meant the total loss of the pleasure they can get from opera. It is the Carl Rosa, 100-strong, trundling round the country in interminable trains, which brings that pleasure back.

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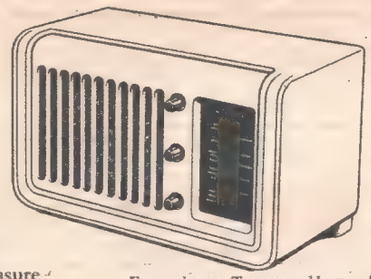

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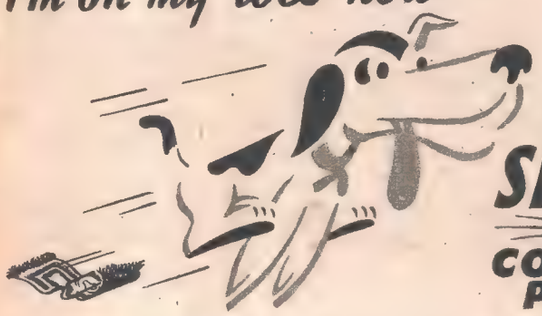

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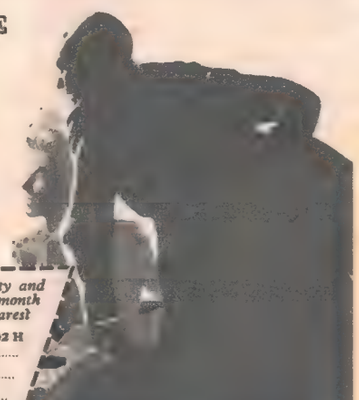

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"I'm worried about the dollar gap"

Can we earn dollars in our sleep?

OF COURSE the Government is right to urge "more and more production" to earn the dollars we need. But what is a man to do if he begins the day already tired and feels like a piece of chewed string by the end of it? Not to mention his harassed wife, standing in queues and coping with rations!

You can't get blood out of a stone, they say. And you can't get more out of a man than the energy put into him.

Food and Sleep

Now energy, as we all know, is controlled by two things—food and sleep.

"Wonder where this lot's going?"

The experts disagree about whether we get enough food. On the *average*, we each get 2,681 calories (energy units) every day, which food authorities say is enough for good health and vigour—except for people doing very heavy work.

But nobody has ever met an "average" man. We all need different amounts. Anyway, there's no more food to be had until, as a nation, we can earn the dollars to pay for it.

Sleep is not Rationed

So what about sleep, which also controls our energy? Food is rationed, sleep isn't.

So perhaps we need more sleep to earn more dollars?

But the curious thing is that *long* sleep is not so important as *deep* sleep.

Tired after Long Sleep

Thousands of people sleep right through the night—and yet wake tired and unrefreshed in the morning. Their sleep is long enough; but the trouble is it isn't deep enough. Only deep sleep has the power to put back into your body and brain the energy and vitality you use up during the day.

Deep sleep — not long sleep

Deep Sleep the Answer

But once you begin to get the right kind of sleep, really deep sleep, you will be a different person. You will go through the day full of bounce and pent-up energy. You'll show the world!

One of the best ways to ensure deep sleep, is to drink Horlicks at bedtime. Horlicks soothes and relaxes. Horlicks helps the weary body to renew its store of energy. You'll wake up in the morning ready for anything. Export targets? Fish queues? You'll take care of them all!

* * *

DEEP SLEEP . . . Do's and Don'ts

DON'T place your bed directly facing the window, especially if the window faces east. Sunlight striking your face on a summer morning may not always wake you, but it will make you sleep lighter

DO keep your feet warm, your head cool. Deep sleep is encouraged if cool or even cold air circulates round the head

DON'T go to bed immediately after some intense mental effort. You will have too much blood in your brain and you won't sleep deeply

DO drink a cup of Horlicks last thing at night. Horlicks is more than a comforting drink—it is a promise of deep, restoring sleep for energy next day

HORLICKS

THE LAST OF THE TINKERS

Continued from page 18

at college and showed a good turn of speed and got safely away, though his white coat hampered him somewhat in his running. He had to leave his stethoscope behind and the last he saw of Shone was the tinker fitting these on and listening to the stomach of Bess.

The young vet drove into Llawn and there he reported that the tinker was quite mad and that it would need a strait-jacket squad to get him into custody.

However, the people of Llawn had seen grief before and they knew and loved Shone the Tinker.

A dozen of them started off for the hill, borrowing two sets of the low wheels which Sykes the Garage used to bring in disabled cars, and Sykes himself went to instruct them in the correct use of these gadgets in this emergency which had come into the life of Shone the Tinker.

Shone was pleased to see them; he knew that they were coming to help. They didn't say much to him and he had not much to say to them; someone took the stethoscope off him and laid it on the cart among the pots and the pans, cool under the rustling leaves of the wayside trees.

It was evening now and the sun was reflected red on the harness of Bess.

Quietly and gently they fixed the wheels under her; one pair just behind her front legs, the other pair under her rump, using old sacking to pad the hard iron against her soft chestnut skin.

Then carefully they pressed down the long slender poles of the wheels and slowly they took Bess up the hill and down into Llawn village. Bess riding like some May Queen but not nearly so alert or dignified, and behind some of the village people pulled the cart.

Like that the procession went to Shone's end house in the village. There they stored his cart in the shed and slowly lowered Bess on the green grass of the little field at the back; lowered her under the shade of the green horse-chestnut tree.

Shone sat down by his horse like a mother by her sick child. None asked him what they should do next; but someone came with a pot of gruel for the horse and a cup of tea for Shone. Even they who brought the tea must have been confused, for first they offered the tea to Bess and the thick gruel to Shone.

But that was soon righted and as Shone drank the tea they lifted up the head of Bess and tried to force a little of the gruel into her mouth.

At the same time men went away and came back with spades and pick-axes and began to dig a wide deep hole by the side of the hedge. Obadiah the Sexton directed operations though he was much too particular, wanting to shape and trim the hole in true professional manner.

A dozen men working in relays can soon dig a hole and then they came back to the chestnut tree to watch and wait.

It was Sykes who suggested rum, both for Shone and as a last treat for the mare. They fetched a noggin; Shone only took a sip and insisted on giving the rest to Bess.

The result was extraordinary. Shone gave a happy smile and a little nod and went immediately to sleep. Bess, the instant the liquor reached her throat, reared her head, gave a neigh and stood on her hind legs, pawing the air like a wild stallion.

The village people scattered and Sykes the Garage dragged Shone the Tinker away from the mare. She indeed seemed to have made a complete recovery and was stepping around the field nimbly, her head as high as any circus horse.

Those who had dug the hole were rather for filling it in again, but, as Obadiah the Sexton said: "We have all got to go six foot some time and it'll save a lot of work

Continued on next page

The doctor's wife may have faith in any physician but her husband

A Woman Tackles the Moralists

THERE ARE FEW THINGS I enjoy more than watching a first-class mental tussle. To my mind it beats football, cricket, wrestling, boxing or any kind of physical tussle. It's much less trouble to watch, too. All you have to do is to stay at home and open a good battling book.

The difficulty, of course, is to find the good book. You can't always go by titles—especially when you're looking for the battling kind of book. The most exciting of these books often have the dullest titles. They're usually written by philosophers; and philosophers seem to choose dull titles on purpose.

For instance, I've just been reading a new book by Lan Freed, called *Social Pragmatism*, published by Watts. I couldn't think of a duller sounding title if I spent a week on the job. Yet the book itself is one of the most exciting I've read in years.

New Way to Happiness

Briefly, it claims that we can live far happier lives, and build a far better world, if we stop worrying about the parson's and the moralist's commandments and do what we think will give us most pleasure.

The most unusual thing about this book, to my mind, is the fact that the author is a woman. A woman philosopher must be about the rarest thing in nature. Nearly all our religious beliefs, moral codes and philosophic systems have come from the minds of men. All down the ages, the man has laid down the moral law, and the woman has usually accepted it without question. Or at least without openly arguing about it.

Yet, as every husband knows, many a woman can strip a man's intellectual pretensions off him with a single devastating remark, at any time she feels like it. It's odd that so few women have attempted to apply their deep intuitive powers to man's religious and moral systems.

Wife Sees Through It All

I suppose it's because few women try to generalize from their personal experience. The moralist's wife may see right through her husband's pretensions; but that doesn't prevent her believing in the visiting moralist from another town. The doctor's wife may see her own man's medical limitations, yet she may have complete faith in the healing powers of another physician; and the bus-driver's wife may feel perfectly safe in every vehicle except the one driven by her husband.

It will be all over with man's supremacy in the intellectual field if ever women start to generalize—or even to put two and two together. Many men, I suppose, will say that very few women can put two and two together. The average woman can only make an intensive study of one—one person—usually her "own man." (Hence her power to strip the intellectual hide off him whenever she feels like it.)

Mrs. Freed certainly strips the pretensions off many a moralist. But she goes further than that. She directly challenges all the world's moralists—especially the religious moralists. If she's right, they're all wrong. There can be no middle way in this kind of argument.

Can we live more happily without the moralist's exhortations; without the parson's "thou shalt" and "thou shalt not"; without believing in some "absolute ought"? *Will* our actions be for the best, making for the best of all possible worlds, if we ignore the Christian call to self-sacrifice and self-denial, and turn our minds entirely toward self-satisfaction?

Most people, I suppose, will say the answer's obvious—one big "No." But the question isn't as simple as it may look. Many of us, probably because we were trained as children in the Christian way of thinking, would say that, on the whole, self-sacrifice and self-denial are good things, and our own self-satisfaction (or the seeking of it) a bad thing.

Yet, in practice, how many of us follow that theory? Don't we nearly all seek mainly our own self-satisfaction—and are we any the worse for that? Mrs. Freed thinks we're all the better for it.

A Pleasure Pleasing Others

Most of us, she says, are naturally kind and sociable people. We get our deepest self-satisfaction, our greatest pleasure, out of pleasing and helping others—out of living together in harmony.

If you ask: what about the people who obviously don't get their pleasure out of trying to live in harmony with their neighbours, such as the Hitler types, big and little, she replies by asking what power our religious and moral commandments have ever had over that type of person.

These abnormal people, she says, will always have to be forcibly prevented from wrecking human society. And as the moralists have failed all these years to change the hearts of the naturally wicked, they serve no useful purpose by continuing to harry the hearts of the naturally good.

Most of us, she believes, desire only to do good. If we often unwittingly do social harm, it is *not* because we don't obey the preacher's commandments, but simply because we don't think enough about the consequences of our actions. She believes all normal people are naturally what she calls "benevolent"—that we would much rather try to make our neighbours happy than miserable.

The thought of giving *everybody* pleasure is what gives *us* most pleasure. Therefore, if you and I carefully think out the course of action whose result will give us, as individuals, most pleasure, it will be the kind of action whose results will give everybody pleasure—and will be much more likely to help to bring about a happier world than struggling against the grain toward self-sacrifice and self-denial.

Are We Really So Good?

That very briefly is her argument. I for one would very much like to believe it. The trouble is, I find there's often a gap between what I'd like to believe and what I'm able to believe. Mrs. Freed's theory, it seems to me, depends entirely on the soundness of her belief in human goodness. *Are* we naturally "benevolent"? *Do* normal people find their deepest pleasure in giving others pleasure?

There's only one man, of course, whose inmost feelings I can hope to know—myself. Am *I* naturally "benevolent"? Do *I* always desire to do good?

Well, that's a question I can't answer straight off. It calls for considerable self-examination. But I shall certainly look into it. And if what I see in my soul isn't absolutely unprintable, I'll return to the subject in a later article. Meanwhile, it wouldn't be a bad line of inquiry for us all.

CHRISTMAS COMES BUT ONCE...

"THERE'S something more exciting about receiving a Christmas parcel than anything else," said Mrs. D. I. Hollinshead, Sidway Hall, Market Drayton; she spoke of the surprise parcel she won with a *Bullet* last Christmas. "These prizes mean an extra merry Christmas for hundreds of families," echoed another winner, Mr. J. W. Leigh, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Walney.

This Christmas as many as 1,250 readers will win good things for December 25, either in *Bullets* or Crosswords. And this year's 14-lb. parcels contain luxuries unavailable since 1939, whilst 4-lb. Christmas Cakes make a welcome return to the prize menu.

Cheques for early Christmas shopping, parcels, cakes, puddings—they're all waiting for readers who enter this week. Spend an entertaining half-hour this evening on competitions and win your family a merry Christmas with a coupon from this page!

FEASTS for CHRISTMAS

Here you see men packing parcels won by "Bulleteers" last Christmas. Soon they'll be assembling the Plum Puddings, Crystallized Fruits, Crackers, Cherries in Syrup and other good things in store for winners of this week's 14-lb. Luxury Christmas parcels.

CHEQUES and 137 XMAS FEASTS!

"Bullets" Prizes value over **£500**

£250 1st Prize plus XMAS LUXURY PARCEL

£25 plus Parcel–£10 plus Parcel

£9, £8, £7, £6, 5 of £5

each plus Xmas Luxury Parcel

25 14-lb. XMAS PARCELS

100 4-lb. XMAS CAKES

1,500 "Good Shots," with £10 Opportunity

UP TO 100 BOXES of CRACKERS

Enter eight or more *Bullets* and your Xmas Cake will be accompanied by fine Box of Crackers.

BULLETS & XWORDS RULES

1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.
2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.
3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps value 1s. for four *Bullets*, or value 6d. to cover two *Bullets*. Plain paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.
4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in JOHN BULL dated Nov. 13, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

International	Harmony
It's British, So	
Life For Her	
Parliamentary	
Fireworks	
Nemesis	
Sadder And Wiser	
Fight For Freedom	
Pleasant Prospect	
Worker's Wife	
Be A Pal And	
No Wonder	
In A Tight Corner	
Child's Play	
A Thousand Times	

Panic In The Shop	
Never Satisfied	
Slipped Out	
With A Sheepish Grin	
Poaching	
Made The Band Play	

Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions

Backbone Of.....Defence

Came To.....

Studying The.....

Scared.....

When He Saw Our...

GET YOUR GUIDE

To secure the *Bullets* and Crosswords help in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 6, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week

POST ENTRY "Bullets" 1,652 (or Xword 604) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

STICK 2½d. STAMP here and address this label if you want the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated Nov. 6 containing ANOTHER 137 XMAS FEASTS

465

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

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EXAMPLE

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BULLET

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

EX. .....

B. .....

Fee: 1s. for 4 or 6d. for 2 "Bullets"—plain paper efforts, same rate.

Closing Postmark, **1,652** MON., OCT. 25

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value ..... No. .....

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THREE BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 600

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Best. 3, Seal. 5, Coulter. 7, Guise. 8, Book. 11, Force. 12, Sea. 13, Main. DOWN: 2, Tubes. 3, Stocks. 4, Cig. 6, Mop. 8, Barn. 9, Warm. 10, Sea.

THREE £100 SHARERS: J. G. Morley, 26 Richmond Crescent, Highams Park, E.4; M. Roseveare, jr., 36 Cope Street, Barnsley, Yorks; R. Sankey, 23 Salisbury Avenue, Broadstairs, Kent.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 17 entrants. In addition the 20 Winners and Runners-up receive Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Services.

"Bullets" Winners No 1,648

FIRST PRIZE, £250 plus CELEBRATION WEEKEND: L. Savory, 13 Thirlmere Road, Dewsbury, Yorks: CROAKING WON'T HELP, SO "CHIRRUP"—YOU'LL SOON "CROW"!

SECOND PRIZE, £25 plus Weekend: J. Rodgers, 147 Sutton Road, Huthwaite, Mansfield: TO HEAR REDS—TALKING, WORLD'S STALKING REDS!

THIRD PRIZE, £10 plus Weekend: W. J. Toms, 57 Eaton Avenue, Bletchley: MORE IMPORTANT—THAN "SIGNATURES," WORLD'S "WILL."

OTHER AWARDS. £9: J. Bowyer, 22 St. Anthony's Flats, Aldenham Street, N.W.1: IN THE PRAM—"APPLES" ADVERTISING ORANGE JUICE. £8: G. Woods, 6 St. Edmunds Road, Felixstowe: TO HEAR SOMETHING—OFFER GRANDPA DEAF AID! £7: J. Carswell, 51 Alliance Drive, Belfast: WHAT IT TAKES—TO WOO STALIN, "MOON"! £6: G. E. Furniss, Liversidge Sidings, Station Road, Selby: SMASHING SUCCESS—FREE SPECS—MAGNIFIED JOINT!

FIVE of £5: A. Crompton, 26 Florence Crescent, Southwick, Sunderland: DISMAL JIMMY — ON EIGHT-THIRTY, RECALLING "THIRTY-EIGHT." Mrs. V. M. John, 40 Clydach Street, Brynmawr: RICH UNCLE—KEEPS BARROW IN SHOW-CASE! H. W. Hirst, 33 Madrid Road, Barnes, S.W.13: A BEAUTY—"GLISTENING BEADS" MAKING BRITANNIA. J. Quinn, 35 Albert Street, Burnley: DISMAL JIMMY—CAN HEAR RUSSIANS TUNNELLING! Mrs. A. Wenlock, 20 Heaton Terrace, Porthill, Newcastle: ONLY FATHER—COULD HAVE BROKEN *Sink*!

20 Prizes of £1 and 1,000 "Good Shots" have also been posted.

XMAS CAKES and PUDDINGS for XWORDS

Awards value up to £250

£100 1st Prize and Awards value £25 amongst Runners-up.

DOUBLE XMAS BONUS

of Xmas Cake and Pudding with every prize value 5s. and over

THIS WAY TO WIN

USEFUL cheques have been won by 36 readers in the last 10 Crossword contests; work out now that puzzle below and a welcome prize with a Christmas Cake and Pudding may be yours.

First complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues on right. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

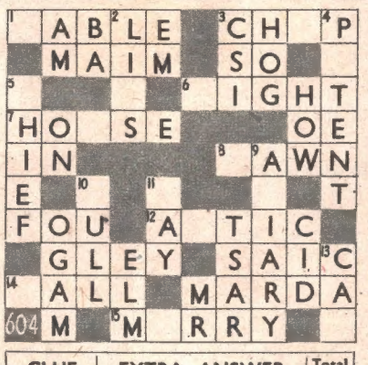
Across Clues XWORD 604

1. Occasional one may not have leg to stand on
3. May change colour frequently whilst being grilled
6. It's not very sensible for youngster to make this of it when having few drinks in pub
7. Is better for airing
8. Breaking of one is sometimes taken as warning
12. Is usually pretty low
14. Makes a great many think of dancing again
15. A lot of money would be required to make some men

Down Clues

2. Tight ones prevent anything leaking out
4. It is vital for the peace of the world that the power of Uno should be
5. Doesn't like to be caught out
9. Quite a large number can be kept in an extensive one
10. At which no one can reasonably mind you laughing
11. One at times sees it hanging from hedgerows in country lanes
13. Is often eccentric in character

MORE XMAS FEASTS with THIS WEEK'S PRIZES



In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.) Use ink, not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you of *Crossword Gazette* dated November 6.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

604 Closing Postmark, MON., OCT. 25.

I enclose P.O. value.... No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

.....

THE LAST OF THE TINKERS

Continued from previous page

for poor Shone when the mare finally has to go."

They left the hole open and took Shone into his house and set him on the sofa to sleep off the rum and the excitement; while through the back window of the house they could see Bess grazing furiously as if this was indeed the last hour before Eternity.

* * *

Shone the Tinker has now given up the road and Bess lives all her days in the field behind the house, grazing and sleeping.

Shone has never harnessed her again after that August Friday afternoon. He feels that if she has to climb any hill again it will be her end.

Llawn people smile. And Sykes says that in the workhouse, that place which these days has a new beautiful name but which still has all the greyness inside and out, old people die without any of the attempt at revival which was given to Bess that day.

All a matter of love, and the luck of life and death, Sykes says.

But then, he is a man of steel and rubber and knows that a car has no mind and heart, and that a little rum might replace petrol for a few yards only, but not for the eternal clockwork of things.

The hole remains under the chestnut tree. Various suggestions have been made to Shone for its possible use. Some say that the hole should be carried on, made circular and turned into a pump well. Others say that it would make a coal mine.

And yet Shone does not laugh very much at these suggestions and has one answer only:

"It's her monument, only dug in, not reared up."

Llawn people wonder how long Shone the Tinker will live now that he has retired; Bess doubtless will live long, not now having any cart to pull. But Shone? He will miss the bends of the road and the lanes where the banks are yellow with primroses. He has been used to the road and the changing view, and one house and one view will prune his years quickly.

Perhaps that hot summer afternoon, he should have brought Bess into Llawn village by the level road across the marsh. For the hill with the trees may have been his undoing, also.

WRITE TO JOHN BULL ABOUT IT

Took a Day Off

A YOUNG MAN, dismissed from his employment for taking a day's holiday without permission, writes:

"I did not receive my cards until three weeks after I had been dismissed. Had my employers the right to retain them for so long?

"The officials at the employment exchange say that I cannot draw unemployment benefit because I was dismissed for industrial misconduct. I feel that I am being treated unfairly for such a minor offence. Is there anything I can do about it?"

Employers are required to return contribution cards on the termination of employment, or within fourteen days if the employee leaves without notice.

Your claim for unemployment benefit can be disallowed for six weeks on the ground of misconduct. You have the right to appeal to the local tribunal, however, and if you wish to do so you should inform the employment exchange immediately.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

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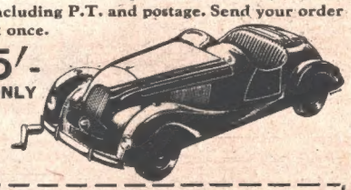

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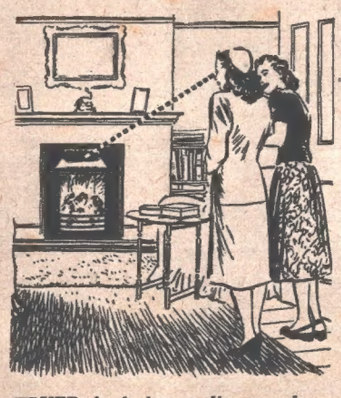
'NOSTROLINE'

What is the first thing people look at?



EVER checked up to discover where people look first when they come into a room? Nine times out of ten, it's at the fireplace!

How important, then, to keep your fireplace bright with Zebo.

There's another value in Zebo, too. *Experts say that a black surface throws out more heat than almost any other.* So you get more heat from your fire if you give the firebricks and surrounds a regular coating of Zebo.

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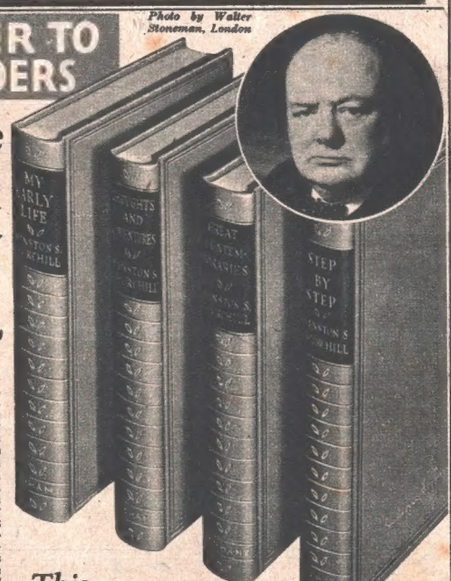

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